

Vol. 14

No. 1

Macdonald College Magazine



1923

October,

November

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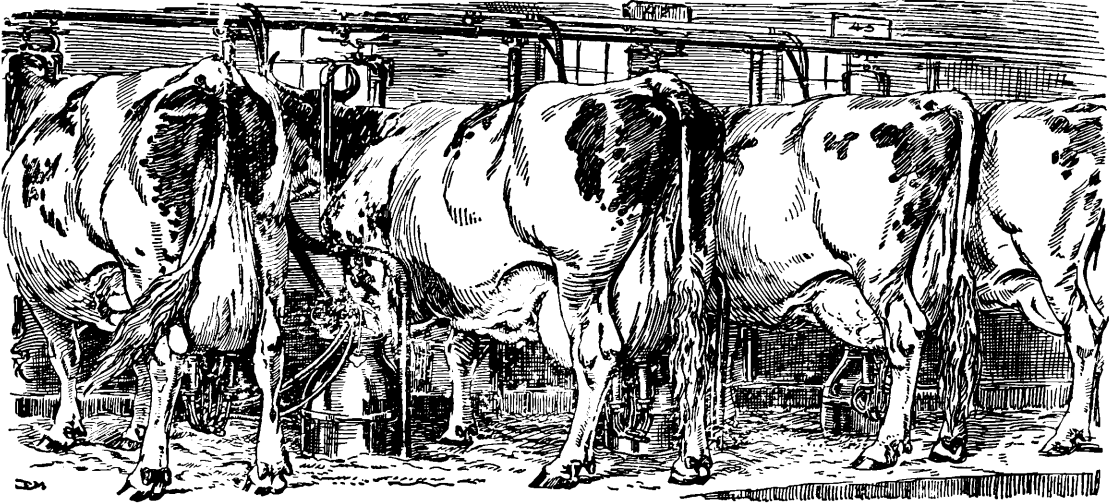


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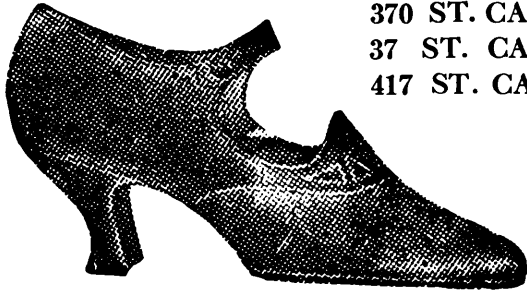
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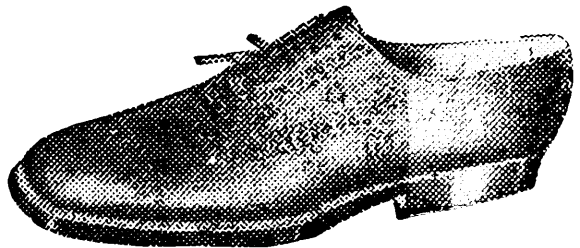
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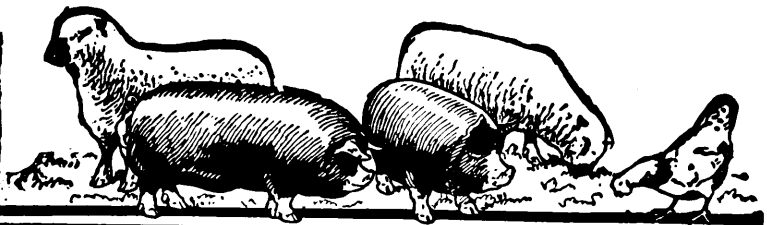
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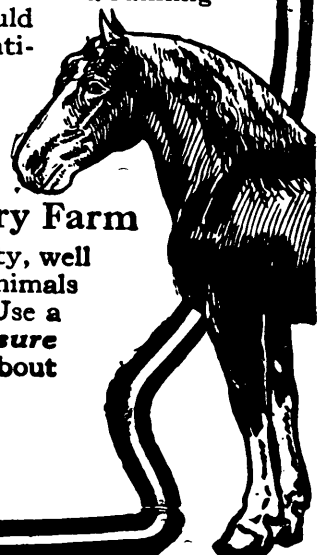
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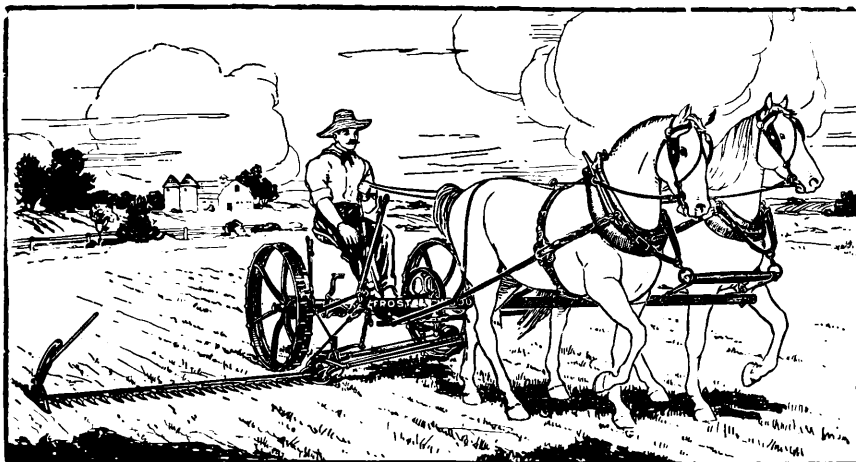
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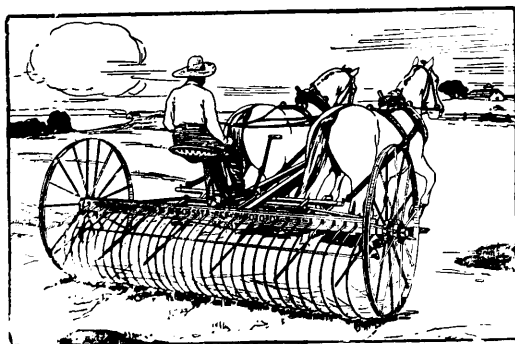
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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE The Gates

The Macdonald Coat-of-arms—M. G. Russell, Agr. '24 3

The Tale of a Cave—F. S. Ward, Agr. '25 4

When Winter comes—C. D. Fogerty, Agr. '25 6

All Hail Macdonald; Failt Ye! 9

On Changing Tables 10

EDITORIAL 12

Exchanges 14

Miss Green leaves Macdonald 15

TEACHERS 16

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE 22

HORTICULTURE 26

OUR WIDER INTEREST 29

UNDERGRADUATE NOTES 31

IN MEMORIAM 32

ALUMNI 33

SCIENCE ALUMNAE 35

FACULTY ITEMS 36

ATHLETICS 38

CORRESPONDENCE 43

COLLEGE LIFE 45

Curiosity—M.G.C. 61

College Days 63

Impressions—'Post-grad' 64

Vacation Experiences 67

Hello! 71

Book Review, "Why don't you get married"—Norris Hodgins—J.E.M. 72

On visiting one's family — E. B. Franckum, T. '24 73

IN LIGHTER VEIN 74

The Macdonald College Magazine is published four times during College year by students. Subscription: \$1.00 per year. Address all subscriptions, etc., to the Business Manager, all advertising matter to the Advertising Manager, and all matter for publication to the Editor-in-chief, Macdonald College Magazine, Macdonald College, P. O. P. Q.

ON SALE AT CHAPMAN'S BOOK STORE, PEEL ST., MONTREAL.



The Students' Council

The Macdonald Coat-of-Arms

For two years, in various places and under various circumstances, I puzzled over the Macdonald coat-of-arms. It helped me through the verbosity of several speakers and even through some entertainments. The Macdonald triangle, the crows of McGill and the arms of Quebec were clear, but the rest was not. There was a ship which suggested New Brunswick but there seemed no logical connection. For some time this went on without bringing my curiosity to the point of asking questions; then through several who did not know I came to one who did know.

prosperity be founded on agriculture, agriculture itself is founded on the fertility of the soil, and every good agronomist knows the value of clover to the soil, it brings more to it than it takes away.

The McGill crows occupy the lower left hand corner, showing our union with 'Old McGill'; in the lower right are the arms of Quebec, which though not the province of Sir William's birth was the province of his adoption. From the little clearings with their patches of Indian corn which the early discoverers found, to our standardized varieties (and to them, marvellous yields), it is a far



The Macdonald coat-of-arms consists of the Macdonald arms in the upper left hand corner, the arms of Sir William Macdonald in the upper right, McGill's three crows in the lower left and part of the arms of the province of Quebec in the lower right, with an open book in the centre.

The appearance of these symbols is familiar to all of us but possibly not their significance. The Macdonald arms consists of a gold pyramid on a green ground with a clover leaf inside the pyramid. The pyramid signifies stability, and the interpretation is that a country's prosperity is based on its agriculture and waxes or wanes with it. Inside the pyramid is the clover leaf denoting fertility, for if

step. Still the Indian did not have to worry over type or rowing or cultural experiments.

Sir William Macdonald's arms, in the upper right hand, consists of a lion rampant, a hand bearing a cross, a tree, a ship and a fish. The open book in the centre denotes a place of learning and so long as the students are not responsible for such a reputation, it is doubtless quite legitimate.

This is the origin and symbolism of our coat-of-arms and although I no longer have the puzzle of it to carry me through periods of boredom, I no longer need to be embarrassed by the chance inquiry of a stranger.

M. G. Russell, Agr. '24.

The Tale of a Cave

Caves have always awakened in one's imagination the spirit of adventure. Who can enter into a cave without the thought that prehistoric man must have dwelt in such a place? Who can picture the cave-man without envying his care-free and unconventional life? And who can imagine this type of life with languishing for the age when man took no thought of what he should eat, what he should wear, what his wife should put on, when he should get another wife, what he should do with the old one, and finally but all importantly, what time he should get up in the morning!

The story of my cave deals with this particular kind of life, but — at a little later period, around the year 1609. About this time, a fleet of nine vessels bearing settlers and provisions set sail for Virginia under the command of Sir G. Somers. A storm overtook and scattered the fleet in mid-Atlantic and Somers' vessel, "The Sea Venture", stuck fast on the Bermudas. The crew wandered around the islands and found a cave. This began their cave-man life. They did not however, welcome the idea of remaining on a desolate isle for the rest of their lives, and as most mariners are, were superstitious, believing that the islands contained evil spirits, on account of the queer noises which seemed to accompany them wherever they went. They therefore decided to leave as soon as possible, and forthwith set to work and built two new ships. The ship-wrecked crew set sail for Virginia and from there one of the crew embarked for England. This fellow, Silvester Jourdain, wrote a narrative of the shipwreck and the adventures which the crew experienced, including a vivid description of the Cave, all of which was published in 1610.

It is supposed that Shakespeare read this article and wrote "The Tempest" whilst the impression made by the incident was still fresh in the minds of the public. The title of the play, the description of the storm, the ships stranding on the desert island and the reference in the play to "the still-vexed Bermoothes," that is, Bermuda, 'the Isle of Devils', tend to confirm this view, which now finds general acceptance.

To-day, Prospero's Cave, on account of its historical connection, is the means of considerable income as a sight-seeing investment. The guide to the Cave is of the fairer sex and fills the position better than would a mere male owing to the former having a greater capacity for telling and enlarging upon stories. The story of this Cave as told by the present guide increases directly as the age of the Cave.

The entrance to Prospero's refuge is marked by the Calabash Tree wherein Ariel was imprisoned by Sycorax, while at the side of the tree is the rift through which the prisoner escaped. Here also one is shown the "original bust of Shakespeare" set as a cameo in the rock. After a few more details to get one's imagination pretty well worked up, the guide leads the way into the Cave, and invariably points out on the right hand side the chamber where Ferdinand and Miranda used to play chess. One cannot help observing the many nooks and crannies of the Cave, which incites the imagination towards the thought "What an ideal spot for Captain Kidd's treasure!" And involuntarily one sets forth to look about in the deepest and darkest corners, in all earnestness, for possible revelations.

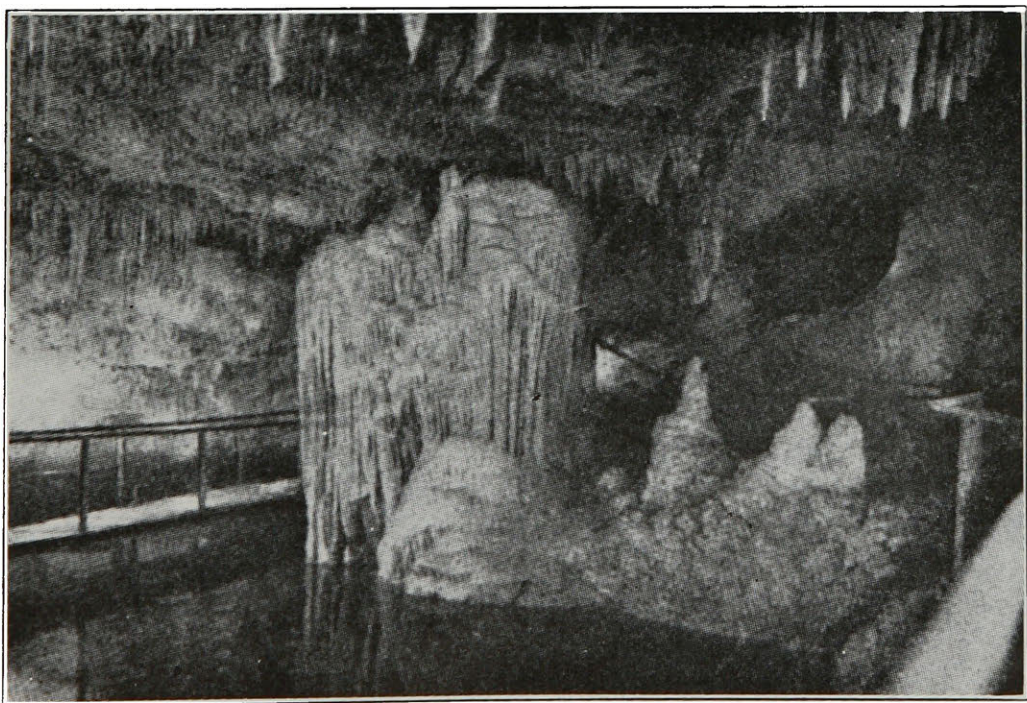
The Cave appears to be about a hundred feet long and about sixty feet wide, with a height ranging from twelve to

twenty feet. A lake of emerald green water thirty feet deep occupies the central portion of the cavern and ebbs and flows with the tide of the ocean. Around at one side a wide ledge stretches from one corner of the Cave to the other, ending up at the far end in a secondary cave. Across the water a pontoon bridge is laid, enabling one to cross over to the smaller cave and to return by way of the ledge. Electric lights gleaming from behind various odd-shaped structures of stalagmites and stalactites lend to the setting the atmosphere of the supernatural. In one corner of the Cave a group of stalactites bears resemblance to a pipe Organ

and are known by that name. Frequent formations occur where a stalagmite meets a stalactite, producing in many cases immense columns which appear to hold up the roof of the Cave.

After surveying all parts of this subterranean chamber one would come to the conclusion that Prospero and his family had ample room in which to spread themselves, and that they should have lived fairly economically and comfortably, except for the fact that the constant dripings from the roof would have disturbed an ordinary person's slumbers. Prospero however, was no ordinary person.

F. S. Ward, Agr. '25



Prospero's Cave

When Winter Comes

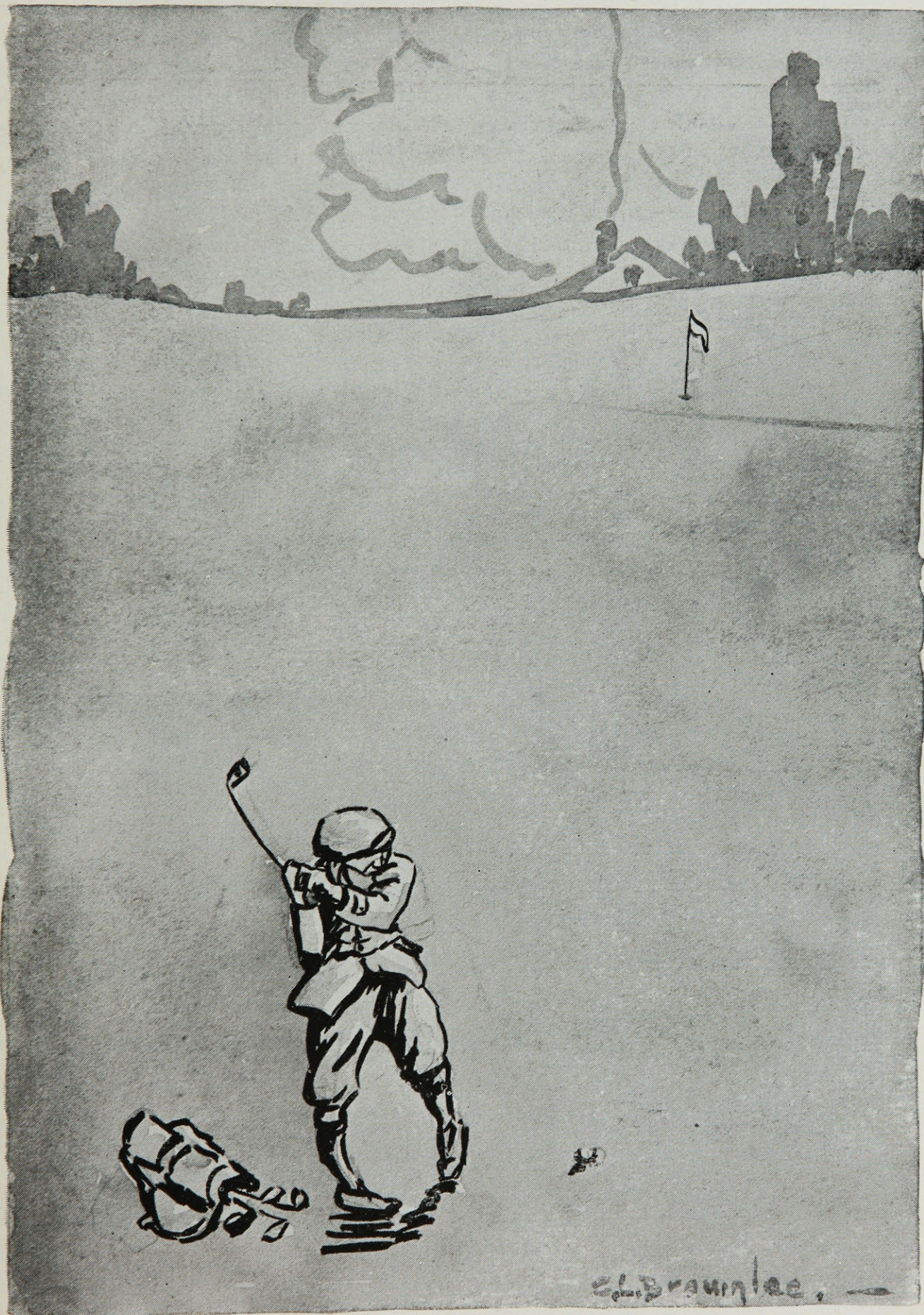
To pervert a well-known quotation, "When summer comes can winter then be far behind.?" The first sign of next winter, then, is really the coming of spring. As a rule, however, we do not think of the coming of winter because of the approach of summer. Nevertheless there is a hint of winter throughout the summer. No matter the temperature of any heat wave there are always a few minutes just before daylight when we get a suggestion of the tingle of winter weather. Get out into the open some time late in June at about two in the morning. There is a little space of time when all the world seems to be holding its breath. The wind is still, not a bird or beast moves, not a leaf rustles and a calm, starlit peace rests over everything. And then—a cool little breath, a breath of winter, comes from nowhere and passes by to awaken Nature. The first bird gives a sleepy chirp, there is a perceptible rustle of every leaf, the sky in the east begins to brighten—and summer is with us again.

Later, in September, and more so in October, the nights begin to have a real snap to them. Sweaters become useful and not ornamental articles of wearing apparel. The golfer makes every effort to crowd as many games as possible into the remainder of the season. The fisherman begins to make ready his tackle for its long winter rest. The hunter takes down his gun and gives its shining barrel a little extra cleaning. There is an undercurrent of uneasiness in all outdoor men. They are only waiting for the leaves to fall and the snow to come to make ideal hunting weather. Over all, Nature broods in silent content, as though resting after the growth of the summer. Then, slowly at first, but suddenly when the first light frosts come,

she bursts into her most beautiful stage. All the colors of a forest fire sweep over the country, but this a harmless fire. All shades of red, yellow, brown, green, and even rarer colors such as purple, turn the mountain sides into pictures which no artist can ever faithfully depict on canvas. A faint, blue haze, telling of real fires destroying this beauty in some distant place, hangs over the picture.

Overnight there is another change. The leaves lie on the ground as a brown carpet, forming a mourning robe for the departing summer. There is a chill to the winds which speaks of ice and snow. High overhead the wild gander leads his family south, marshalling them with more precision than is attained by any aeroplane squadron. The ducks begin to settle on the ponds and lakes at night, only to feed awhile and then, in the morning, to follow the instinct which is drawing them south. Wise people replenish their fuel supplies and make all preparations for the coming winter which by now has given sure signs of its approach.

The days are growing shorter and shorter. Everything seems to have a tired and dull look. But some morning we waken up and, as we lie half-conscious, we wonder what change has happened, things all seem different. Then as we become more fully sensible we realize that it is light, reflected light, that has caused this change. The ground is lightly covered with a pure white covering of snow. Needles of ice shoot out from the edges of all quiet pieces of water. Winter has made its first attempt to grip the land. The small boy is out with his sled and snow-shovel, even though his sled leaves two long black marks in the snow where the earth shows through, and he cannot find one real shovelful of pure snow. This first bit



Days that are Past

of winter soon disappears but we realize that summer has gone.

The temperature steadily drops lower. The ground becomes frozen and the ice needles confine the rivers and lakes with a solid barrier on the bluish-white surface on which the skaters stand out blackly. Orion appears nightly for his combat with Taurus as they cross the sky. A cloud creeps across the sky, or rather ex-

tinguishes it, and soft snowflakes sift down driven by a stinging wind. For several days we are confined by this storm. At last it recedes and when we venture out there is a snap and thrill in the air, the snow crunches loudly under our feet, the trees snap in the stillness, the stars swing low—winter has come.

C. D. F.



"MEMORIES"

ALL HAIL, MACDONALD

All hail, Macdonald! We sing to thee,
 Fairest of colleges, give her three times three—
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Long may we cherish thee; faithful we'll be.
 Macdonald's the college for you and me.

* * *

Strong as the Ottawa past thee doth flow,
 Forth from thy portals may thy children go.
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Never forgetting thee or thy goodly fame,
 Macdonald, we'll conquer by force of thy name.

* * *

All hail, Macdonald! Though gone from thee
 Sweetest of memories always thou wilt be.
 Thou gav'st us knowledge, courage, and friends,
 And though we have left thee thy gift never ends.

* * *

Chorus :—

Come fill your glasses up—to Macdonald! Macdonald!
 Macdonald!
 Come drink a loving cup—to Macdonald! Macdonald!
 Macdonald!
 We will drink the wine tonight,
 Drink the wine that makes hearts light,
 So it's "Come fill your glasses up to Macdonald! Macdonald!
 Macdonald!"

 FAILT YE!

Failt ye! Failt ye! Failt ye Clan Donald!
 We are a chip of old McGill and call ourselves Macdonald.
 Rah, rah, rah! Who are we?
 We are, we are, M. A. C.!

On Changing Tables

It is a truly wonderful feeling to roll out of bed bright and early in the morning in ample time to complete the usual preliminaries before proceeding to breakfast.

I was feeling about as fit and fine as any man could feel, after having stood around in my bare skin for half-an-hour in an icy atmosphere waiting for the water of the shower bath to become warm. My temperature at the end of this time had become so low that I was able to take a hot shower even in the ice cold water. However, a hot cup of coffee will fix me up for the day, so a few minutes later found me wending my way towards the dining room.

As I drew nearer and nearer it sounded as if a riot was proceeding inside. My curiosity had reached its upward limit, when upon opening the door I saw before me what resembled a stock exchange at its most excited moments. Pandemonium was let loose. All seemed confusion. Voluble oaths and chuckles of glee emerged from the excited mob as they shouted at the tops of their voices, flung up their hands, gesticulated with their fingers, jumped up and down and wrestled with one another in every conceivable way. Not one coherent word reached my ears as I stood there. They were evidently communicating with one another in an unknown language.

I did not know whether to advance or retire but like a true Britisher (in spite of the fact that he might get his head knocked off), I advanced to ascertain the cause of this mysterious behavior. So jumping into the midst of the seething throng and shouting unintelligible utterances like the rest, I fought my way gradually to the front. The tables had been changed.

Little did I realize when advocating mixed tables that it would result in a life and death struggle such as this. I took one hurried glance at the list. Beastly luck again, number 10, which means that I am still located at the extreme east end of the dining room. The "Eversharp" of the person whose privilege and pleasure it is to arrange the tables must become uncontrollable when it reaches my name. It invariably persists in inscribing the same number. This was no time for soliloquy however, and I was once again carried along by the sea of raging humanity which burst through the door of the dining room in a flood tide, from which I was finally precipitated on my back. I decided to remain there in order to recover my equilibrium and get my bearings.

The same determination which placed my life at the mercy of the mob carried me to my old position at the head of Table 10. All strangers—possibly all the better for that.

* * *

While standing there, waiting for the Grace which gives to us the satisfaction that food cannot give, a multitude of thoughts flashed through my mind. The object of changing tables—sociability, an opportunity to get better acquainted, improvement of table etiquette; maybe a partner for the dance which is only two months hence. Great opportunities, to be sure.

My position at the head of the table was advantageous in many respects. With but two glances—one to the right and the other to the left, I could survey the whole array of feminine beauty lined along either side. Had Henry the Eighth occupied my commanding position he would never have stopped at eight wives.

Taking my courage in both hands I burst into a volume of conversation with the young lady to my right. It may have been sparkling but evidently she did not think so. She never murmured a word neither did she show the slightest sign of interest in what I was saying. I talked about history from the time of Adam and Eve to the present day; of politics both past and present; of the weather and various other subjects, and finally ended up by comparing present day women's fashions with those of the past and even went so far as to predict what trend they would be likely to take in the future. Still never a sign of interest on the part of my charming partner. The rest of the day passed quietly.

Next morning I was too late to occupy position number one—frozen out, in other words. A freshman had evidently considered that I was having a good time and decided to take over. I felt like shaking him by the hand. This let me into position number two, situated on the west side of the table travelling east and brought me face to face with the mighty wielder of the "Eversharp" who occupied "la premiere position" located not so very far away. I at once decided that it would be in my best interests to be on my best behavior, if I wished to be promoted to a more desirable and more easily accessible table next time.

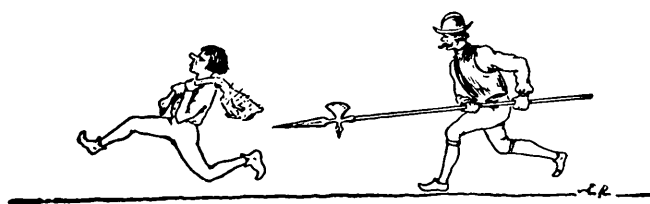
Position number two had the advantage of bringing me in closer contact with the majority of my breakfast, dinner and tea friends, and gave me an infinitely better opportunity of admiring the beauty, both adorned and unadorned, sur-

rounding me. The young lady on my left was possessed of great beauty and proved to be very charming. She discussed at length numerous light topics and I realized at once that the difficulty this time would be for me to get a chance to say something. The only criticism I can make of her was her tendency to be a little inconsistent at times. Frequently in her haste to get to breakfast on time she would evidently forget her beauty and leave it lying on the dresser in her room. However, such things are small items in a man's life nowadays.

It has been calculated, with characteristic mathematical precision, (the formula can undoubtedly be obtained from the Superintendent's office), that a period of two weeks is the maximum time which can be spent at one table in order to secure the most beneficial results to each individual, with each week-end providing an intermission during which "stag" tables are permitted to be indulged in. I distinctly remember presiding at the same table for five weeks and it had a most profound and disturbing effect upon my otherwise amiable nature.

With the close of each two weeks period, therefore, comes again the eager expectancy, the uneasiness of mind, the dreadful foreboding, undeniably evident in the face of every student. The changing of tables is a nightmare to the student of nervous temperament.

The change is made, the excitement peters out, and once again the subtle influences which are to have such a profound effect upon our personalities are set in motion.



THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"Mastery for Service"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL XIV

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER

No. 1

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Editorial

"Life is a full-blown year,
With all things in their season;
Thus in our college career,
Each change hath rhyme and reason;
The seasons come and go
Each with its gifts in hand,
That we may see and know
How well all life is planned."

Men and women who know what it means to be wanderers over the face of the earth tell us that there is really no sweeter word in the English language than the word 'Welcome.' How often, though, in the daily goings and comings of life, do we hear the word spoken with

such an empty, hollow sound! The ring of sincerity is lacking, and the word, which can express so much when it comes from the depths of the heart, remains only a word. And so we hesitate, wondering how we can best express it, to make all the new students at Macdonald feel sure that we mean it as we say it—yes, that we mean more than we can possibly put into it, try as hard as we may!

Somehow we feel that we have no need to say it at all. Neither voice nor pen ever conveys all that the heart would say, and there are many other ways, better than the words we try in our weak way

to give voice to, in which our sentiment might express itself. So, newcomers, we feel that you must already have felt your welcome. Your initiation assured you that. You must have seen it in the eager eyes and joyous smiles of your tormentors as they, in their inimitable way, welcomed you to their midst. Those red-letter days have gone forever, however, and you are safely settled as students at "dear old Mac."

For what have you come?

* * *

Time and time again this question is asked of those attending college. The query is more generally addressed to the man taking cultural courses than to the one in training for some profession in life, and often the student himself, wondering what he will in the long run derive from the years spent in college, is at a loss for an answer. But in reply, might not one well ask "Why succeed in life?"

Most all agree that the most valuable thing gained from a university training is the learning gleaned from text books and association with great teachers. The main purpose for which we attend college is to study. No one can deny this without a feeling somewhere within him that he is pronouncing a falsehood. If a man cannot give his best to his college work, to the real essential object for which he came, he is a hindrance to himself and to the institution which he attends.

* * *

This is not all however. The acquisition of knowledge is not the sole aim of a university course, for the value of higher education is perhaps more of the character and personality than of the intellect. A judicious mixture of scholarship, activity and fun make up the recipe for a successful college life. How often doesn't the graduate, who spent all his time por-

ing over books, realize that the opportunities of the campus with its activities that were his were not properly appreciated! The lecture room with its associations is his only heritage. The ability to take care of oneself on the athletic field, ball room floor or wherever one is placed is of greater importance to a man in later life than the ability to recite Greek drama or solve a problem in calculus. Poise, polish, a generous spirit of toleration, an earnest desire for truth and a great big broadmindedness should form part of what a man gets at college. Concentration, efficient performance, coolheadedness, perseverance — these are what we are here to learn; the things we study are merely the medium. The body must be trained as well as the mind, and social gatherings are therefore as important as the study hour.

* * *

The exciting football days are over, but winter sports and the whirl of social engagements have yet to come. The chilly air, the sombre sky and the occasional snowflake herald the near approach of winter. Visions of the Christmas vacations, the happy reunion with parents and friends are constantly in our minds and in a month's time will be a reality for most of us. Then might we well pause to reflect: "Am I any better than when I started?" Those who will have reason to be pleased with themselves are those who have blended work and play in harmonious combination — a reasonable amount of study, a reasonable amount of athletics and a reasonable amount of pleasure.

Let us therefore apply ourselves and make use of all the opportunities we are afforded here at Macdonald, our ante-room to life, so that "Mastery for Service" will become our motto for all time. The nation needs men and women of vision. Let us start and prepare for leadership now.

Exchanges

St. Andrew's College Review. Congratulations on the extreme quality of your magazine and its uniformity in equality of subject-matter, arrangement of material and unusually large number of high class cuts.

The Whisp. Your magazine is indeed a very good one, and is much above the average. Just a glance at it is enough to make one feel interested in it. The literary department is especially good. Congratulations to 'D. S.' on "The Scorpion."

The Illinois Agriculturist. Yours is a publication we always look forward to. The November issue in no way lowers the high standard set by previous boards.

O. A. C. Review is as always, well supplied with articles of general interest.

The Argus. Your last issue was very interesting in parts, but rather small. Why not add a few more cartoons, pictures, and jokes to help the lighter side of the mag?

College Times. Each issue shows originality whilst retaining the old-time stability. Athletics are always well reported but some of your headings (cuts) might be improved.

Tamesis. Your magazine is always a welcome exchange. It is very entertaining and improves with every issue. The Art designs are exceptionally good.

The Dalhi Journal. Your magazine is well got up, and the material is exceedingly interesting. You have just a little bit of everything and not much of anything. The cover is very attractive. A few more pictures however will improve your journal. Remember too that the tone of a magazine suffers by the too frequent use of slang.

King's College Record. Your magazine is improving by leaps and bounds but a few more cuts would go a long way.

The Vindex. Your paper has hardly enough editorial comment. You are progressing though, and some day we hope to see "The Vindex" issuing one of the finest papers.

Cornell Countryman. Keeps up its quality of material both literary and illustrative. We thought your frontispiece in the November issue quite the best one we have seen for a long time. We get no better exchange.

The Occident. Your stories are very good. Why not have some of your artists and humourists contribute to the support of the magazine?

Queen's Journal. Your athletic column deserves credit. The *Journal* is never uninteresting.

Dalhousie Gazette: The characteristic points of the leaving class in your magazine were very good. You might have included more articles of interest to outside readers. Your pictures are good and arouse interest. Your paper is always bright and cheery.

Vox Collegii: Your magazine is splendid through and through. The pictures are good, articles well written and jokes clever—not being ancient and pointless as so many are apt to be.

As usual we have received our full share of bulletins, reports and circulars from the Provincial and Federal Governments and elsewhere, and would like to mention the *Labor Gazette*, *Agricultural Gazette*, *Scientific Agriculture*, the *U. F. A.*, and the *de Laval Monthly*.

A. A. M.

Miss Green Leaves Macdonald

Miss Mary I. Green, in charge of the Dining Room of Macdonald College for more than three years, left the institution at the end of June in order to accept a position with the Canadian Pacific Railway at one of their camps in the Nipigon district.

Miss Green came to the College in 1920 from Sherbrooke hospital, and quickly obtained the good will of the student body by her eagerness to promote their welfare at all times. Class dinners, afternoon teas, suppers, and "feeds," of all kinds were catered for, and satisfaction given, by having good service and palatable food served in the College dining room instead of at restaurants and halls in Ste. Annes or Montreal, as had been customary in previous days.

Her capacity for work, her unselfishness, her great kindness, her devotion to duty, her loyalty, her sense of humor and infectious laugh, will be remembered by all who knew her.

Not only in the College but also on the campus and in the town of Ste. Annes, Miss Green will be long remembered, and especially so by the little children who were so delightfully entertained

and amused at her parties for them on the lawns or elsewhere.

Then, too, the canine population were disconsolate when she left, for now and then Miss Green would walk through the village scattering largesse of bones to dogs great and small. There was consternation when "Laddie," after paying a morning call to the Residence after Miss

Green's departure, announced to the usual assembly of dogs at the High School that so far as he could learn by sight and smell their benefactress had vanished.

The evening before Miss Green's departure, an assembly of her friends gathered in the gymnasium to bid her goodbye, and presented her with a fitted dressing bag and a well-filled purse. The following evening she was escorted to the station seated in a



MISS GREEN

gaily-decorated cart pulled by members of her staff—and other friends joined her at the station, and to a chorus of song, good wishes and cheers. Miss Green, with "Bijou," made her exit from Macdonald College.

We are sure she will bring success to her new work and wish her every happiness.



Who Are They ?

Blessed be those that have chosen that noblest of all professions — the art of teaching the innocent youth of the land, Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic. Twice blessed be those who have the burden in their hands to give their hardened experience and infinite knowledge to those who come to this Institution for the modest maidens of the present generation. Here it is that such are drilled and instructed. The instructors are not the learned monk type of yore, but really quite human. Such are the impressions of on onlooker. Here an attempt will be made to describe both lecturers and lectured.

* * *

There is the lesson where they learn the processes of dealing with those monsters of human nature — school children. Here it is where they are taught not to say, "Im gonna larn ya good!" When this lecture is over the blue-clad warriors are told, "Hurr-r-ry over-r-r now." Hence they adjourn to the room where they learn to "run the runner, and slide the slide."

Dialogue—"How many of you got that right?"

A smattering of hands shown — "Look around, class, look around!" Mouths of backward students agape. Instructions then follow, "Come on, now!"

Next, let us look in at the room where they learn the art of using a pencil, paint and India Ink. "That study is very interesting, but it is not artistic!" Black-rimmed spectacles do have a habit of slipping down on one's nose.

Follow on then to the lesson wherein the sweet youth open their mouths, and not pearls and rubies fall out, but mysterious sounds known as "doh, me, soh," in other words tonic-solfa. And it is a tonic to hear those lessons — why! the prescription is so strict that the instructor becomes angered and thereupon declares, "I shall have to be disagreeable if this air of levity prevails!"

* * *

Have you any pimples? Well, the "pus cocci" are the ause the eruption. So they are told in "148". Also that people who stand less than two feet apart when speaking to their friends are apt to be subject to a disease known as "droplet infection." The night of November 2, it was noticed that many were seriously affected by this distressful disease. It was

in "148", too, that they were introduced to that charming chap Jimmy, the skinniest fellow in the world. None of them can see yet where his floating rib floats.

Let us go to the room where they learn to tell history stories, and to teach how to spell c-a-t. They are told, "Sweaters off, for goodness' sake, they make the room stuffy!"

"To-day we will study insects!" Then comes a scramble to catch a fly to see how many legs it has. "To-day we will go outside to study the trees on the south side of the Campus!" Then comes the rush to be nearest to the knowing one who imparts knowledge in such a logical manner.

Command follows, "Don't lag behind!"

* * *

Next they go to the place where they are held enthralled by the wise utterances of a gentleman who seems proud to call himself a 'blue-nose'. They know that he started out his career in a little fishing

village and that he was principal of a large high school—where they do not know.

Dialogue: "To-day we will teach inductively. Miss So-and-So, can you offer any suggestions?" Answer given, but not exactly correctly—"Ye-e-s, you might say that!"

"To-day we will read 'A Chain of Jungle Life' from the *Atlantic Monthly*. Story read, disgusted looks from all students. Gentleman waxes irate: "People nowadays are afraid to get down to the psychological basis of all things. Why should you call cutting a frog or fish open disgusting? Did you ever think that before eating a chicken some one has to clean it? Here endeth the first lesson!"

* * *

Such are the experiences of those individuals who have chosen this noble profession — may they have strength to succeed!



CHANGES IN THE SKY

The sun departs behind the clouds to rest,
And twilight is approaching in the west,
At once the stars peep out like glittering gold,
And the clear moon shines brightly as of old.

All through the silent night we hear sweet sounds,
Of fairies gently gliding on the mounds,
And when the veil of darkness disappears,
Those sounds are gone completely from our ears.

The dawn comes slowly creeping o'er the sky,
Soft colours are seen in the clouds on high,
The glorious sun bursts forth in great array,
And men arise to see the light of day.

Ruby M. Hair.

The Pleasures of Eating

We eat to live. Very true, indeed. Scientists and other so-called wise men have discovered that he who would live must eat. They tell us how many hours the average man can live without food, how many vitamins and calories are necessary to maintain his health and to render him able to perform his work. God gave us life and it is our duty to eat this specified amount in order to preserve this life. In this one respect we are twice, thrice, and more than thrice dutiful, for herein is duty coincident with pleasure.

There are, the world over, groups of people, who, friends in youth, meet, separate, and meet again at irregular and gradually less frequent intervals to talk over old times and to make merry for awhile. I know such a group. How do they make merry? Their motto explains this. It is "We live to eat." They, being honourable people, having desired, considered and chosen a motto, live up to it. They meet. They talk and, while they talk, they eat; they laugh and, while they laugh, they eat; they sing and, between songs, they eat again. And they are happy. Life to them is a pleasant journey interspersed here and there with pleasant meeting and eating places.

The love of eating is universal. Every red-blooded man, woman or child in the civilized or in the uncivilized world, Christian or pagan, takes great pleasure in eating, thinks longingly of past feasts, and anticipates those of the future. The shyest child will accept candy from a stranger, the dourest old miser will snatch ripe fruit as he snatches shining gold. The poorest, raggedest beggar would enjoy the society belle's chocolates and ice cream. The South Sea cannibal anticipates his portion of roasted missionary with as much relish as we did anticipate

our Thanksgiving turkey. We all are pleased to eat, we all are displeased when we must stop.

Eating is considered of primary importance in all circles and at all times. We read in our night's paper that France is likely to go to war. We hope that she will not, we drop the matter there, we forget it. In another part of our night's paper we read that turkey is likely to be very expensive this Christmas, a very high figure is stated as its probable price. We groan, we cannot afford to pay the price; are we to have a turkeyless Christmas? We groan again and again, and cannot drive the matter from our thoughts. It is the end of the month. Our money is all spent and our cheque has not arrived. There is a book we really need for our work. We cannot have it. Very well, let's do without it. Again our money is all spent. We have not tasted a chocolate for days. We are on the borrowing trail and stop not until we have accumulated sufficient to buy a pound of that new brand. Won't you have one? Eating is a pleasure, isn't it?

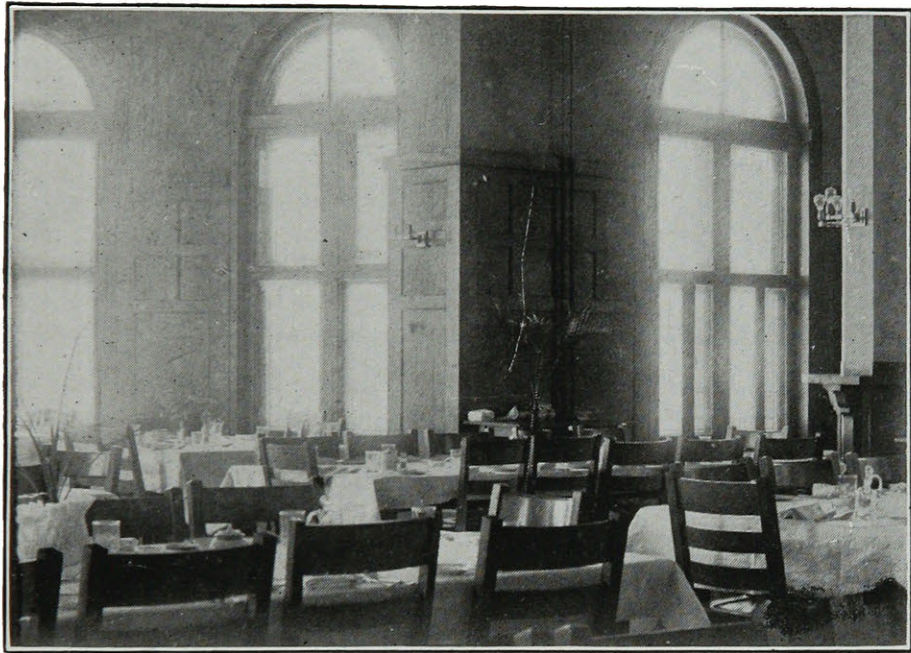
Whenever friend meets friend, the two must needs celebrate. How can this best be done? Why, by eating, there's no other way so good. Mary isn't at all hungry but she hasn't seen Jane for two whole weeks and it is so much easier to chat over an afternoon tea than elsewhere. Tom cannot afford to celebrate, he had only intended to buy coffee and sandwiches for lunch. But Tom hasn't seen Jack for a year. Tom pays treat and that night he tells friend wife about the poor newsboy freezing on the street corner whose face beamed when he gave him a bill and told him to keep the change.

Man lives and loves to conquer. It pleases him not to be vanquished. He is made happy by the knowledge that in

one sphere he may be ever victorious. Set before him a table of good food; his fighting instinct is aroused. He says, "I can make this my own". He does, leaving only the dishes and a few crumbs to tell the tale. Then, fed and in good humour, he looks over the field of battle and sees that he has accomplished that which he set out to do. He feels proud

place at the table to our rocker by the fireside. Which way shall we choose? Human nature follows the path of minimum effort. We shall eat long and heartily and shall not suffer the fatigue and strain attendant upon hard labour.

Eating has been a pleasure throughout the ages. The primitive caveman smiled wickedly as he devoured raw flesh in the



A Corner of the Dining Room

and self-satisfied, and is ready to dispense kindness on all sides.

We sense a certain pleasant and indefinable thrill when we lean back drowsily in our chairs, stretch, and yawn. It is a reaction from the real or apparent humdrum of our everyday life. This pleasant lethargic feeling may be created in either one of two vastly different ways. Firstly, we may labor until thoroughly tired, until our strength is expended in earnest effort. Secondly, we may eat until our appetite is long since appeased, until we move with difficulty from our

shadowy recesses of his cave. The lords of olden days made merry with their friends, their tables groaning with meats and wines. We celebrate our holidays and our anniversaries with banquets of innumerable courses and astonishing proportions. Doubtless our descendants will hold their reunions in aero-castles and will feast on delicacies unknown to our day.

Thus we go on through time. We eat and are pleased, we wish to be pleased, we eat. Eating is a pleasure unchanged by age or by generation.

P. M. McQuat.



Life In the Dormitory

Our career at "Mac" commenced on September 5, when we first came in sight of Macdonald College, with its red-tiled roofs. What we resembled most was a drove of lost lambs, waiting to be driven to our respective folds.

In a short time we were all settled in the Dormitory and wondering who our next door neighbour was. We soon got acquainted however, and it wasn't long before we were all chatting together and trading 'eats.' Some one is always receiving a box from home and while it lasts that room is the most popular in the 'Dorm.'

One of our hardest trials is to keep quiet from eight o'clock until ten, during study period. The only thing that subdues us is the fear that on Monday we will receive a little note commanding us to appear before the House Committee.

Sometimes in the midst of the study period we hear a smothered scream. Mounting on the rail of our beds and looking over the partition, we see one of the girls, in the next room, standing on a table and another on the bed, while a poor little mouse, scared by their screams, runs to shelter under the bureau.

We will never forget the morning that we were awakened at 4.30 o'clock by the sound of a crowd of Seniors coming up the stairs ringing bells and crying for us to get up and dress.

On Hallowe'en night, some planned to upset our beds. The moment the 10 o'clock bell rang, the crowd was let loose and half a dozen rushed into our rooms and scattered our bed clothes in all directions. They were very wise and locked their own doors, but we crawled



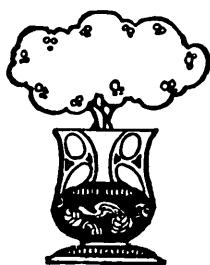
Teachers, Elementary Class, Fall 1923

over the partitions and treated their beds in a like manner.

Despair reigned in the Dormitory on October first when we received our first assignments to teach in the Day School. We sat and thought and prayed for some bright ideas to occur to us about making out our lesson plans. Some wonder why we do not appear as happy as at first,

why our foreheads are all wrinkled and why "Molly always wears a frown.

But all this worry and fun will soon be over, when at the end of the term we will leave to take up our work in different parts of the Province. But in later years we will always look back with pleasure upon the days spent at good old "Mac."— A. R. Parkhill, Elem. '23.



WON'T YOU PASS THEM ON?

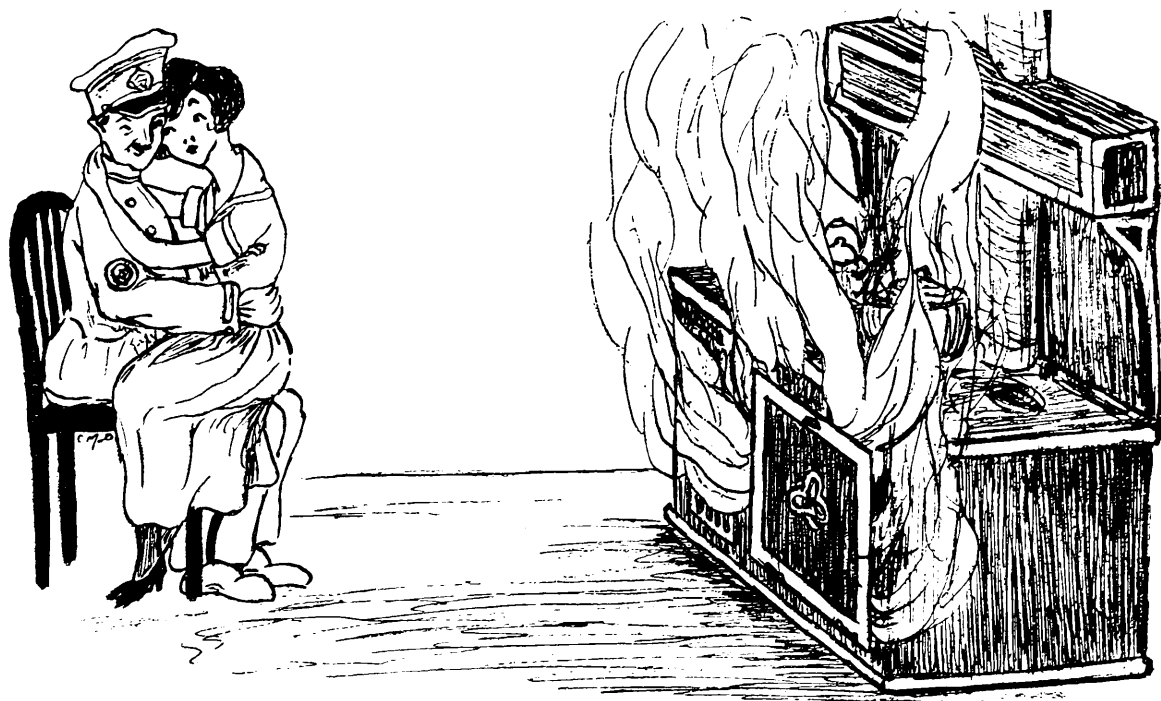
Have you ever, in the evening, when you thought your day's work done,
When you gathered up, completed, what that morning you'd begun,
And you bore it off in triumph, just to read results, that's all;
Have you ever at that moment let the whole sweet business fall?

If you have, gentle reader, will you tell me how you bore
The sight of all labours, smashed to fragments on the floor—
Did you stand above it speechless mid a silence quite profane,
Did you sadly sweep the pieces up, and bravely start again?

Or did you curse insanely and wave your arms and shout,
Stamp with both feet on the test tubes, kick the broken flasks about?
Did you utter in your ravings any words that brought you peace?
Was there any combination that from anguish give release?

If there was, oh gentle reader, won't you kindly pass it on,
To another poor unfortunate whom Fate has tramped upon;
Won't you share the precious healing words, so full of mystery,
And preserve my soul from torment? Won't you pass them on?

A. Biologist.



HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Justifying the Dietitian

"Cut out the calorie, and give us something to eat!" How many times have we heard this sentiment expressed, especially by the male sex! They mean, of course, that the dietitian is an undesirable addition to any institution, and that they prefer to eat what they please, regardless of the consequences. They forget that the dietitian has very good reasons for everything she does and is a person who knows food values, at least to a greater extent than the average person of to-day. They forget that many of their ills are due to errors in diet. Instead, they think of the dietitian as a symbol of starvation and therefore an enemy to mankind. In reality, it is just the opposite and the world would be far better off than it is to-day if knowledge of nutrition were wider.

The growth of the field of dietetics, however, shows us that not all people are of the same mind. The work is of comparatively recent development, but in spite of this fact it is a very large field and there is great scope for work. The

importance of dietetics is shown by the many branches of work in which it has been found to be a necessary part. Hospitals, first of all, found it necessary to have dietitians, and we think of the dietitian, perhaps, more in connection with hospital work than in any other place. We have good reason for doing so, as the hospital work, at the present time, is so far reaching. The value of the dietitian within the hospital need not be discussed. Her work there is recognized as a very essential part of the institution. And if a dietitian is necessary to make sick people well, why should she not be used to keep healthy people healthy. It has been said, and wisely too, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." A great many of the hospitals at the present time are doing their best to carry out this old adage by instituting outdoor departments and linking the hospital and social service work together by means of visiting dietitians. The work of these dietitians is to keep in touch with the people who have come to the outdoor department, or who have been patients in

the hospital, and to carry on the work that the hospital has started. This follow-up work is very valuable as it prevents the patient from returning to old ways of living, which would probably make it necessary for him to return to the hospital.

There are many problems to be dealt with in Social Service work, but one of the chief ones is that of malnutrition. Statistics have shown us the results of this condition, and they have also shown us the differences that are brought about by a change in diet. This does not necessarily mean that more money has to be spent on food, for the rich, as well as the poor, may be the sufferers. People who have plenty of money to spend often spend it to little advantage, and the poor, in trying to make their small amount of money go as far as possible, think only of the cheapness, or the quantity to be obtained, rather than its nutritive value. Malnutrition is very prevalent in the poorer classes, and especially amongst the foreigners who are so numerous in many of our larger cities. It is of very great consequence to any race since it affects both the physical and the mental conditions, and therefore it is a problem which has to be dealt with in the best possible manner.

Social service workers have done what they could, and so have the Charity organizations, by sending out visiting housekeepers to the homes of the people. But these housekeepers were primarily teachers of cooking, and as such did very good work in instructing the mothers in the buying and preparing of food for people in normal health. But of what use were they in cases of sickness? They knew practically nothing about the feed- of the sick. Consequently it was found necessary to bring in nutrition experts who are able to give the proper advice in such cases. When it is necessary to call

in a doctor the dietitian is able to work with him intelligently. If the patient has to go to the hospital something is known about his living conditions, and, as is very often necessary the dietitian can bring about a change and can see that the patient does not return to former habits. In this way the hospital work is closely linked up with social service work and this all tends toward a great improvement in conditions among the poorer people. The results of this follow-up work are proof of the value of the dietitian in social, or Public Health Service.

This, however, is not the only work for a dietitian in the social service field. The teaching of dietetics is a very valuable aid in the work. Classes are held for women and children and they are divided in such a way that the teacher can work with them to the best advantage. Teaching nutrition to the children is a great step toward improving conditions. They can be made to take a great interest in it because they know that it affects themselves and that their future well-being is affected by their early care of themselves.

The nutritional work of hospitals and social service workers is invaluable to the poorer classes, but what of the other classes of people. Here again we find that the calorie is not being forgotten. Household science and nutrition are taught the children in the schools and to girls and women in colleges. But why should they study dietetics? We can live without any knowledge of the subject; the majority of people do. But after all, we discover that the calorie has crept in unawares and that we are following in the footsteps of someone wiser than ourselves, someone who has had some reason for every step in the planning of a menu. We are all too ignorant of the effect food has upon us. If we were not so ignorant we would have a far greater respect for the calorie and the dietitian than we have at the present time.

Hats

What is woman's favourite occupation? If this question were asked of all the husbands, fathers and brothers in the world, ninety-nine per cent of those husbands, fathers and brothers would reply in a chorus, "Shopping." Now let the question be asked, "What do women most enjoy shopping for?" All kinds of answers to this question will be forthcoming, but I would be willing to wager that the majority of answers would take the form of the one word "Hats."

* * *

If a woman is invited to a tea she 'simply must have a new hat.' If Easter Sunday is approaching she worries over the question, "which shall it be, a new curtain for the shower bath or a new Easter bonnet?" Ultimately, of course, she chooses the bonnet and poor hubby has to continue operating the shower with one hand, while the other one is kept busy holding the fragments of the old tattered curtain together. If hubby comes home late too often and wears out all his excuses, he knows that he can easily pour oil upon the waters of his wife's anger by giving her a little money to buy a new hat. When wifie has a little money accumulated that she has saved by not giving hubby any meat for a while she sallies forth to buy a hat. Naturally, when hubby sees her in the latest millinery confection, he forgets his empty stomach and stands off to admire, provided it doesn't happen too often, for this thing, like most other things, can be over-done.

Some hats are created to please whilst others, it seems, could not have been created for any other purpose than to annoy. What young man has not had the opportunity of eating ostrich plumes, rubber cherries and muslin flowers at a tea-dance? It is a wonder the death-rate from dye-poisoning among the youth

of our country is not far greater than it is. I know of one poor man, who always thought he had hay fever until it suddenly dawned upon him that it was the tickling of feathers at tea-dances that caused him to sneeze so much. Another annoying type of hat is the one that is covered with hard protruding angles. This hat is a dangerous article in a crowded street car and is capable of delivering a death blow if properly used.

* * *

Women should never have their pictures taken with their hats on. It is a grievous sin. Just get out the family album and see for yourself, if you don't believe me. What could be more amusing than a photograph of Aunt Sue taken twenty years ago with a little wee hat perched up on the front of her head like a thimble on a pumpkin? And the hats of to-day will look just as funny if not funnier, twenty years hence.

There are all types of hats. There are turbans, some of which would astonish the Sheik of Araby himself could he see them. There are poke-bonnets, which cover the wearer like a tent. A man takes an awful chance when he steps out with a girl wearing one of these creations. How does he know whether he has the right girl or not? Indeed there is no way for him to tell unless she takes it off or unless he gets down to her level and goes into the depths of the hat and seeks her out. Another type of hat is the flimsy, flowery, floppy hat, which girls persist in wearing when going auto driving. All men know this type of hat. It either blows off in the wind, or causes the gentle maiden to cry out, "Stop! you are crushing my hat!"

* * *

Did you ever notice that one may change her entire appearance, if she

changes the angle of her hat? One has only to tilt her hat over one eye and immediately she becomes very dashing. This is often done by flappers and is responsible for a good part of the flappery look.

Why are hats so expensive? For no other reason than that the wise and canny milliners know that hats are irresistible to the feminine world, and that if a hat takes its fancy, it will pay any price. True, some have the knack of making hats so that they do not look home-made, but deliver me from the home-made hat,

with the little stitches on the outside and the big ones on the inside that are always coming undone and have to be caught up at the last moment. There's little fun too in having the crown of one's head nearly sawed off by those rough edges that do not show, but are there just the same. So now, husbands, fathers and brothers, do not grudge women this little vanity, and do not retire into your study slamming the door after you, when a silvery voice asks, "May I have just a little money, *my dear*, I want to buy a new hat."—Mary I. Clark.



Science Short Course, Fall '23



The Ideal Apple Tree

The Commercial Apple Tree in its ideal form is almost a mechanical product. Its function is to produce large annual crops of high grade fruit at the lowest possible cost. It must do both of these at the same time if it is to operate profitably.

The characteristics of this tree are as follows: It has five main branches, the first starting out from the trunk at a height of eighteen inches and making an angle with the trunk of 45 degrees. The second comes out three inches farther up the trunk at the same angle and about one fifth farther around; the third and fourth each three inches above the second and a fifth farther around, and the fifth and last three inches above and pointing in a westerly direction. The tree at maturity should be not over twenty feet in height and should have a spread of from twenty-five to thirty feet. It should carry a moderate coat of glossy foliage and should make an annual terminal growth on the bearing branches, of at least ten inches.

In looking at the current season's growth it will be observed that the buds are arranged in such a way that the sixth is perpendicularly over the first. Now growth always follows the direction of the terminal bud, so that by cutting a branch off just above a bud pointing to

the right, the growth from that point will be inclined to the right. If this new growth is again cut to a "right" bud, another inclination will be made, so that the growth from the second cutting will be at an angle of about 45 degrees to the original stock.

Trees come from the Nursery either at one or two years of age. The first are just a long switch of the current season's growth; the two years have side branches or are "headed." The one year is by all means the best.

After the tree is set in the orchard row, the top is cut off thirty inches from the ground, leaving the terminal bud pointing West. Being the previous season's growth it leafs out its entire length, each leaf quickly developing into a branch. When these become three or four inches long, all are removed except the first five mentioned. A month later it will be necessary to go over them again as there are always some buds that do not develop at first. This completes the first year's training.

Now these five branches constitute the "head" of the tree. No other branches are allowed to grow from the trunk and from now on these branches are to be so developed that they will carry successive loads of fruit without mechanical injury to themselves or the rest of the tree.

Five branches constitute an Ideal head. If six are used one of the six is bound to be perpendicular over one of the others, thus shading it, resulting in poor coloring of fruit on this branch and destroying its accessibility to spray. Less than five branches increases the strain at the crotches as the weight of the tree is confined to smaller areas. In other words, five branches give the minimum strain at the crotch and make for the best distribution of bearing wood throughout the tree.

as it develops, allowing the easy access of spray and sunlight, and also the picker.

At the beginning of the second year the five laterals will leaf out their entire length and again nearly every bud becomes a branch. The real tree formation period begins at this point. All growth must be removed from the five laterals for a distance of at least twelve inches from the crotch. This removal is necessary to keep the tree sufficiently open in the centre. At about twelve inches from



YOUNG, BUT WELL LOADED

The shape of these branches should approximate the ribs of an upturned umbrella, going outwards and upwards at an angle of about 45 degrees. The reasons for this are: first, such a crotch can easily carry a stress that will break the branch; secondly, the branch can easily carry a maximum load of evenly distributed fruit, and being relieved, will regain its original position due to the spring back. Equally important is the fact that with this shape of limb the tree gradually spreads open with the weight of fruit,

the crotch the first side laterals are permitted to grow and their terminal growth is *always limited* to one half the distance to the next branch on either side. Twelve to fifteen inches farther out another pair are allowed to grow with the same terminal restricted growth. In between these branches very few buds will incline to growth, they soon develop into spurs.

By restricting the terminal growth each branch has its own appointment of tree space to provide for and the weight is evenly distributed.

No growth whatever is permitted on the under side of the five branches. This cutting of undergrowths inclines the branch upwards to its desired shape. Moreover undergrowths are always shaded by the branch from which they come and produce a large percentage of low-grade fruit.

The fourth or top branch has to be handled slightly differently. It is obvious that if this branch is inclined at an angle of 45 degrees and its laterals developed only horizontally, then the opposite top side will be a blank. This blank is filled by topside growths from the top branch and these growths are always cut back sufficiently so that the greatest weight is on the parent branch, which serves to steady the whole tree against the prevailing westerly winds. No top growths are permitted from the other four branches for the reason that top growths, or "Suckers," always draw

heavily on the food supply and are purely vegetative growth.

Briefly this is an outline of the system that has been used on many varieties. Some—like *Transparent*, need heavy cutting to outside buds to force them to spread—in comparison to the system of always cutting the under growth. Other varieties, like *Wolfe River*, take an undue amount of cutting to keep them off the ground.

This system of training must be closely followed up. Growth in the wrong place should be prevented rather than removed, otherwise too severe cutting has a tendency to retard bearing. Such a system develops a type of tree that at forty years of age is sound, healthy and is just at its prime. It fulfills all the requirements of the Ideal tree and is a source of profit and satisfaction to the owner.—S. B. H.



Sophomore Surveyors, 1923

Our Wider Interest

EDITOR—GEORGE E. HUNT

Dear Boys and Girls:—

The editor of this section of the Magazine has asked me to write something that might be interesting to you, so I am going to write a letter addressed to all of you.

It is always hard to make a letter interesting especially if you do not write very many, and as I do not write them very often perhaps you may not enjoy this one very much.

I have said that I am not very good at writing letters because I do not write them often enough. In other things that we do this also holds good. In order to be successful these days at school, in games, in music, and later on in making a living, we have to become as perfect as possible in any of the things we take up, and we can do this only by giving our best attention to them and "sticking with it" until we have mastered every detail.

To-day those who make the greatest success in life are not the men and women who can do a little bit of everything, but those who have decided to put their every effort into becoming masters of one particular line of work be it that of a doctor, or a nurse, an engineer or a teacher, a farmer or a business man.

In other words, the person with "too many irons in the fire", cannot hope to succeed as well as those who give serious thought to what they would like to do best in life, and then make every effort to become proficient in that work.

This summer I was on a boat which

called at many places along the south shore of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and the north coast of the Baie de Chaleur. In many places the coast is very rocky, rough and dangerous. The safety of the ship and of its passengers depended chiefly upon the skill and care of its captain in guiding the vessel safely into the different ports of call, even in the dead of night.

At such times as these, the call is for a man who *knows* his job, not generally or pretty well, but *perfectly*. He must know every foot of the coast, the varying depth of water according to the tides, the meaning of every light, and must know just how to direct his ship so that it will arrive at the wharf at the very edge of these rocks, safely and gently.

The captain of this boat did not get to be so skilful by working at a lot of other different jobs at different times, but by spending his life at sea starting in some lowly position and working his way up by patient hard work, and by close attention to what he saw from day to day.

So it is in other positions which we hope to reach in life. They can only be reached by setting ourselves a goal and making every effort to attain it.

We can prepare ourselves even while we are boys and girls, working at school and at home, to be ready for making good when we finally start to work on our chosen profession in life. When we are going to school, or working at home we have many kinds of tasks to do, but we can form the habit of doing these

thoroughly. Then when we become older, and decide to become masters of one particular task, we have naturally formed the habit of putting our best into everything we do and as a result we are going to be more successful.

I am afraid you will think there is not very much news in this letter and too much advice. Well, you see, I am getting old and old folks like to give lots of advice. I used to know a lot of boys and girls when I worked on the School Fair work, but they have grown older and now some of them are here at Macdonald and I see them every day. Perhaps some of you younger folks were in the third or fourth year at school then and I often wonder how you are getting on. Perhaps some of you wonder where J. H. McOuat is and what he is doing. He thought a great deal of you boys and girls and was sorry to stop working with you. He is down at New Carlisle and is Principal of the High School there. I was down to see him last summer, and also saw the school, which is very nicely fitted up. On the third storey they have a fine gymnasium in which they can play indoor baseball and basketball.

While there I saw many wonderful things which a person who lives away from the ocean never sees unless they go to the sea shore. Sea gulls and cormorants were a strange and beautiful sight to me as they flew along giving their funny calls. In the water there were many strange creatures which we never

see in the fresh water, and from the sea, the fishermen every day took thousands of fish such as mackerel, cod, and salmon. It would take several pages to tell you all I saw, but let me say that this country has a beauty of scenery which cannot be beaten by any other part of Canada.

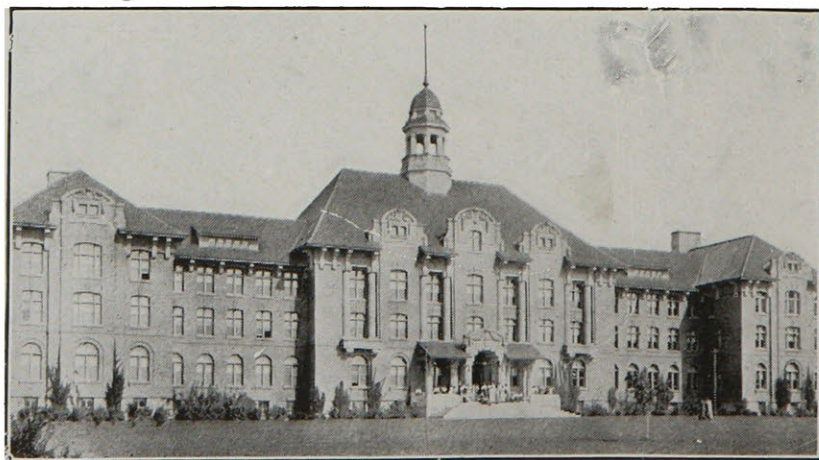
Lately I have been out to some of the places in the province, showing a moving picture taken at Macdonald College illustrating the buildings, the work of the students and also something of their social life. This picture has about twenty-two hundred feet of film in it, and gives boys and girls who may be thinking of coming here as students a fair idea of what they may expect to find. This picture can be shown by means of a battery even in places where there is no electric light.

Perhaps the boys and girls in your district would like to see this picture, and of course, the big folks could come as well. If you would like to see it, speak to your teacher, and if she is willing to arrange a meeting in your district, she can write to me, and I shall try to make arrangements to take it to your neighborhood. I can only go out now and then so don't be disappointed if you have to wait some time.

Well, I must close this letter, or the editor will say it is too long to print. If he lets me write again I shall try to do better and keep out any advice.

Yours sincerely,

J. Egbert McOuat.



Undergraduate Notes

James Russell, who was here in 1913-14 and 1914-15, has been a practicing physician in Fort Dodge, Iowa, but left for study in the University of Vienna. On his return he expects to engage in teaching in the University Medical School.

John Wiggins, Class '23, appears to be making a great success at small fruit culture in Sackville, N. B. Wiggins was with us for one year only, having been in the army from the beginning to the end of the war. His specialities are blueberries, raspberries, strawberries and bees. After a hard fight against dryness and inexperience the first year, he has acquired, in his own words, wonderful technique in the raising of remunerative crops.

Winston Bushell, also of Class '23, is aspiring to become a dentist of no mean ability. Having left Macdonald in the spring of 1920 he took up dental work at McGill. Bushell is evidently very popular at McGill and has had the honour, among other things, of being class president. Winston says, with emphasis, that the days he spent at Mac. will always stand out as the brightest of his college life.

L. A. Gnaedinger also of Class '23, is still going strong. In his own language he is growing fruit, vegetables, poultry, and older. His address is Valleyfield, Que.

Clair McLaughlin, likewise Class '23, has been running calf clubs and things. Jerseys are his speciality. He gives a large amount of credit to dear old Mac.

for what he is now doing, apparently with great success. We are glad to know that he has climbed the ladder to the position of herdsman on the Hillview Jersey Farm at Knowlton, Que.

Geoffrey Coleman '23 is farming near Moosomin, Sask.

We are sorry to learn of the death of the father of Anthony Kurrle, '23, which occurred recently. This following so closely the death of his mother makes his recent bereavement most sad.

Jack Purvis, '23, paid a long promised visit to Mac. in March. We wonder where the "chicken feed" is that Jack promised us after he was married. And that reminds us that Jack is the proud father of a son old enough to walk.

J. Rousseau of class '26 is this year continuing his Arts course at the University of Ottawa. It was with sincere regrets that he left Mac. and hopes to continue his course here in the near future.

S. Pearce of class '26 is farming in Belleville, Ont. Stan. says he is very sorry he is not back at Mac. again.

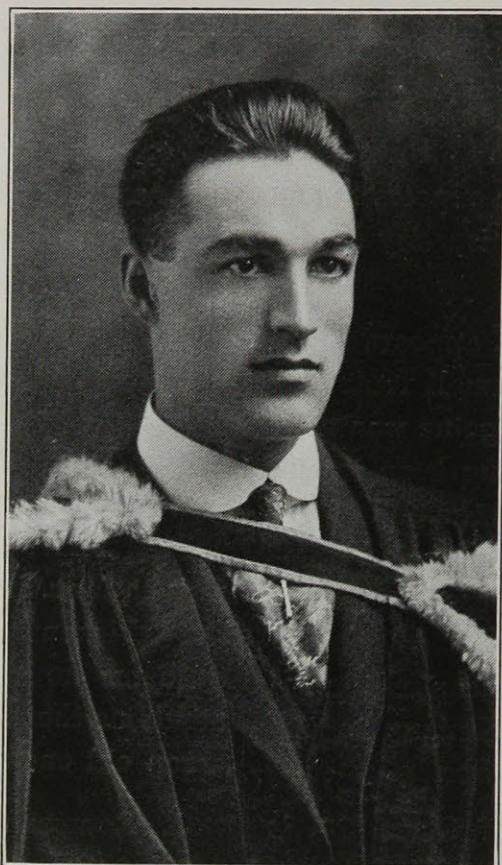
R. Le Blanc of class '25 paid us a flying visit on Nov. 14 while on his way to the western provinces. Ray is now in the candy business.

L. Robinson of class '26 is at his home in Sawyerville, Que. He is very sorry that he could not continue his course this year but hopes to fall in with class '27.

Ken Hay of class '24 has entered his third year at the University of British Columbia.



THE MEMORIAM



THE LATE A. E. MATTHEWS

It is with deepest regret that Macdonald graduates, past students, and members of the Staff heard of the death of A. E. Matthews of class '20, on September 1st., in a hospital at Windsor, Ont. Death was due to "sleeping sickness."

"Bert" was a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland, and entered Macdonald with Class '14. When the War broke out he was among the very first to enlist, joining the 2nd Battalion in August 1914, and later transferring to the McGill Siege Battery.

After spending four years overseas, he re-entered College in 1918, and graduated two years later specializing in Cereal Husbandry. While at Macdonald he took an active part in outside activities being well-known as an inter-class debater and general athlete. In his senior year he was President of the House Committee.

After graduation he worked with the Soldiers' Settlement Board in British Columbia, and then obtained his M. S. degree from Iowa State College. Shortly before his death he had been appointed to the Staff of the Dominion Station at Harrow, Ont., where he was to carry on special work in corn breeding.

Two of his brothers, V. Matthews, '14 and G. D. Matthews, '21, both graduates of Macdonald, are engaged in professional agriculture in the West. To them and his other relatives the sincerest sympathy of the whole graduate body, the members of the Staff, as well as the past students is extended.

We cannot close this brief memoriam more fittingly than to repeat the quotation found in the College Magazine in 1920 along with his biography:—

"First in War, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow students."

Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

We have lately received news of the location of several of the members of class '23. These men in sending their longitude and latitude have, in nearly every case responded to the call of membership in the Association.

J. Hume Grisdale is located with Wm. Hunter on the Aldebaran Farm at Racine, Wisconsin, and writes in an optimistic manner. He reports having seen O. C. Brock, one of our under-graduates, at the National Dairy Show in Syracuse. Brock is a superintendent of road construction in Virginia. At the same place he reports the presence of Elmo Ashton, '21, who was assisting in showing the Ontario Jerseys.

A. J. G. Maw reports his geographical position as Saskatoon and his professional position as Lecturer in Poultry Husbandry at the University of Saskatchewan.

The versatile and popular H. W. Brighton *alias* "Weary," wrote from Manitoulin Island, where he is temporarily located, that he was too busy dipping sheep and saving money to send a life membership. However, he signed the little yellow card, and obtained peace for one year. His present address is 133 First Avenue, Ottawa.

From our fair haired and always cheery friend R. L. Wurtzburger comes, first of all, a breezy letter full of question about the steps necessary to become a member of our illustrious body. Next arrives a nice little green piece of paper good for one life membership. Wurtzburger has been taking some training in methods of teaching agriculture — a wise step.

Edward K. Williams, he of the boxing ring, better known as "Snookums" I believe, writes us from Amherst, Mass., that

he is employed at the Massachusetts Experimental Station and is doing some post-graduate work in Poultry Husbandry.

W. H. Perron, who added to his illustrious career at College by taking the star role in the College film under the thrilling name of George is busy working in the interests of Dupuy and Ferguson, Montreal. Perron is now possessor of a chariot which aids him in pursuing his duties. This goes to prove that he is either making good money or can drive a good bargain. In any case he drives it.

T. E. McOuat the silent six, has taken a position at Ottawa, on the Experimental Farm, having charge of a series of experiments with cattle. As the scribe is slightly related to the above, he wisely refrains from any comments, partly through fear and also modesty.

There are others in Class '23 who should be mentioned but I trust they can wait until next issue.

We were indeed glad to hear from J. D. Sutherland, '22. The letter written on the paper of an apparently high class hotel, caused us to think that "dad" had forsaken his first love and become a chef or a head waiter. Further inspection, however, showed that he is working with Harris and Hall, Landscape Architects, 110 Franklyn Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. L. A. Beaudin, '22 sends a brief letter from La Tuque, Que., where he is managing the farm of the Brown Corporation. His chief duty is to supply certified milk for the children of that town and apparently he is succeeding very well as the infant mortality of the district has been very keenly reduced.

G. D. Matthews, '21, has been appointed to the Staff of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Indian Head, Sask., as Assistant Superintendent. Doug. reports having seen several Macdonald graduates and has promised to send us some news about them.

Some time ago your scribe had the pleasure of hearing S. Boily of Class '22 make a short address at a Farmers' Club meeting in Sawyerville. Boily is right on the job and we feel sure that his efforts to improve live stock conditions in Quebec will meet with quite a measure of success.

A. Maw, '20 deserves congratulations on two counts. First we congratulate him upon his marriage on August 8th to Miss M. May Chute of Waterville, N. S. Mrs. Maw was formerly on the Household Science Staff at Macdonald College. Secondly, we felicitate him upon his appointment as Manager of the Poultry Department, Macdonald College.

Right here we might as well keep on congratulating. Let us all extend our heartiest to A. G. Taylor '15, who was married on October 10th to Miss Edith May Culbert of Ottawa. We saw Andrew the other day about 70 miles from Ottawa, and he looked very gloomy. We, therefore, know he must be very happy.

In the third place we congratulate S. R. N. Hodgins '20 on two counts — first, upon the publication of his first book entitled "Why Don't You Get Married." The book which is very readable, and contains a variety of sketches evidently contains no urgent reasons why a man should not marry, for we congratulate Hodgins upon his engagement to Miss Sibyl N. Murphy of Ste. Anne de Bellevue. The marriage takes place on December 14th.

At the fall convention of the local C. S. T. A. we were glad to meet several Macdonald graduates, among them, Fred Brown of Lennoxville, L. D. McClintock of Knowlton, L. Boily of Sherbrooke, C. Wilcox of Burlington, L. R. Jones of Swanton, Vt., and L. V. Parent of Lennoxville.

S. J. Hetherington of Class '21 is still keeping in touch with his Alma Mater and he informs us that there is no place like Saskatchewan—we presume for plant pathologists.

FURTHER CONGRATULATIONS

Just after we had handed in the above items and many congratulatory remarks our mail brought us the news that two more graduates, both of Class '15, had decided to join the happy ranks of wedded life. We congratulate L. C. McOuat and Harry I. Evans upon their good judgment and wish to extend to Mr. and Mr. McOuat, also Mr. and Mrs. Evans our heartiest best wishes for a long and happy life.

Herewith are given the announcements of their marriages.

*Mr. and Mrs. William W. Snider
announce the marriage of their daughter
Frances Evelyn
to*

*Mr. Leonard Christie McOuat
on Thursday, November the fifteenth
nineteen hundred and twenty-three
St. Jacob's, Ontario*

* * *

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Lowe
announce the marriage of their daughter
Dorothy Keith
to*

*Captain Harry Ilsley Evans
on Wednesday November fourteenth
nineteen hundred and twenty three
Saint John, New Brunswick*

Science Alumnae

The marriage of Miss E. Mabel Boulder, Inst. Ad. '19 to Mr. Ernest Francis Burchell, took place on Monday, September 3, 1923, at Henslay Memorial Chapel, King's College, Windsor, N. S.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy D. Curry '16, to Mr. Duncan A. McGibbon was solemnized at Brockville, Ont., on Wednesday, August 29, 1923. The bridal couple's present address is Assiniboia Hall, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

The announcement of the wedding of Miss Kathleen M. Whitney '23 to Mr. Bruce Chaplin, an old "Mac" boy, on Saturday, October 13, 1923 at Abbotsford, Que., was received with great interest by their many College friends, who wish them all future happiness.

Miss Susie Crane, Inst. '19 is reorganizing the Department of Infant Feeding at the Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Mary Mowatt, Inst. Ad. '19 is doing Social Service work at Chalmer's House, Montreal.

Miss Helen Flaherty, Inst. Ad. '20 has been appointed assistant dietitian at the Montreal General Hospital.

Miss Jessie Naismith Inst. Ad. '21 took up her work of dietitian of Child's Restaurants in Montreal, on October 1, 1923.

Miss Jennie Cameron, Inst. Ad. '21 recently accepted the position of dietitian at the General Hospital, Clermont, New Hampshire.

Miss Esther Latimer, Inst. Ad. '22 is the dietitian in charge of a Boys Military School, Los Angeles, California.

Miss Marjorie Jones, Inst. Ad. '22 is dietitian of the Protestant General Hospital, Ottawa.

Miss Hattie Pearson has since early January held the position of dietitian in the Loomis Sanitarium at Loomis, N. Y.

Miss Francis Coleman Inst. Ad. '22 is assistant dietitian in the department for special insulin work, at the Toronto General Hospital.

The many friends of the B. H. S. class '23 may be interested to know where they are taking their pupil dietitian work. Miss Jean Reyner entered the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, in September. Miss Dorothy Hodge and Miss "Happy" VanWart are together in the Montreal General, and Miss Emma Saunders is studying in the Vancouver General Hospital.

Of the Administration Class '23 we find Miss Grace Yeates, Miss Jean Weeks, and Miss "Mike" Scott in the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I. Miss Margaret Robertson writes enthusiastically of her work in the Mount Sinai Hospital, New York. Miss Anna McInnes is finishing her course in the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia. Miss Hazel Dunlap is in the General Hospital St. John, N. B. and Mrs. Ree is in the Montreal General Hospital.

Miss Norah Senkler, Homemaker, '23, who made her début at the June ball given by General McNeil of Vancouver, after the close of the College, is now in training for a nurse in the Vancouver General Hospital.

Miss Carol V. Brown Jr. Ad. '23 is a nurse in training in the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Miss "Bunny" George, Homemaker '23 is making her début in Toronto this season.

Miss "Fiji" Bendelari, Homemaker '22 is studying abroad.

Miss Helen Kelly, of Class '21 is at present in charge of the dietary of the Frederick Ferris Thompson Hospital at Canadagua, N. Y.

Faculty Items

Among new staff members are Mr. T. C. Vanterpool, B.S.A. of the Department of Botany, Mr. S. C. Robison, B. S. A., of the Department of Chemistry, and Mr. A. D. Baker, B.S.A., of the Department of Entomology. All are candidates for the degree of M. Sc.

Mr. Alex Ness of the Animal Husbandry Department, has left for the University of Wisconsin, where he will take up studies leading to the M.S.A. degree. Mrs. Ness and "Buddie" accompanied him.

The winter course in Home Dairying will again be given by Miss Isobel Mitchell.

An investigation on soil, under the auspices of the Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, is being carried out by Mr. Paul Smith of the Bacteriology Department. Mr. Smith is a graduate of Toronto, and a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Ethel M. Poole, who succeeds Miss Grace McOuat as Demonstrator to Quebec Women's Institutes, is a graduate of Mount Allison College with specialization in Household Science.

Changes in the staff of the Macdonald High School bring to us this year, Miss Hilda Fowlie, Miss Helen Armitage, Mrs. Elmer Giles and Miss Estelle Amaron.

Lionel H. Hamilton, Extension Animal Husbandry-man received the degree of M.S.A. from the University of Wisconsin at the June commencement.

Miss Myrtle Hayward, who succeeds Miss May Chute in charge of the Cookery Department, comes from New Brunswick. Miss Hayward holds a first-class certificate from N. B. Normal School, a teacher's certificate in Household Science from Macdonald Hall, Guelph, the degree of B.S. in Education from Columbia University, and the Diploma for supervision

of Household Arts and Education, Teachers' College, New York. Previous to coming to Macdonald, Miss Hayward was a graduate student at Berkeley, California, and in charge of Home Economics Extension at Winnipeg.

The resignation of Miss Legault brings to the Principal's office Mrs. Harry Leach.

Mr. F. G. North, B.S.A., a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, has been appointed assistant in the Department of Agricultural Engineering. Mr. North has a very wide and extensive experience in surveying and drainage, and will emphasize this work in the province of Quebec.

Mr. L. H. Bemont has been appointed Lecturer in Poultry Husbandry. Mr. Bemont is a graduate of Connecticut Agricultural College with specialization in poultry.

Mr. G. L. Landon, a graduate of the University of British Columbia, will carry on the extension work of the College Poultry Department.

Dr. E. G. Hood has resigned his position as Lecturer in Bacteriology and goes to Ottawa as Chief of the Division of Dairy Research in the Dominion Dairy and Cold Storage Branch.

The Bachelors' Club has again been dealt a deadly blow by the announcement of the engagements of Mr. Norris Hodgins to Miss Sibyl Murphy of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and Mr. Clifford Lampman to Miss Eleanor M. Roach, Superintendent of the Quebec Women's Institutes.

Miss Jean Simpson, the new instructor of Household Science is a graduate of Toronto with the degree of B.H.S. Miss Simpson held for some time the professional special certificate in Household Science from the Ontario College of Education at Toronto. Miss Simpson was engaged in teaching Household Science

at Vankleek Hill Collegiate before coming to Macdonald.

The Bachelors' Club have organized for the 1923-24 term with Mr. L. H. Hamilton President and Mr. G. J. Coulson Secretary. With the present high mortality, it is questionable whether this organization will survive the college year.

A very enjoyable "At Home" was given by the ladies of "Glenaledale" on the afternoon of November 3rd.

An attainment of which the college should be proud is the appointment of Professor Barton as the new President of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists.

A wedding of considerable interest to many Macdonald people took place at Kitchener, Ont., on November 15th, when Mr. L. C. McOuat was married to Miss Frances Snyder. Mr. and Mrs. McOuat will reside in Ottawa.

Congratulations to Professor and Mrs. Summerby, a son; to Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, a son; to Mr. and Mrs. Heimpel, a son; to Dr. and Mrs. Conklin, a daughter; and to Dr. and Mrs. Hood, a daughter.

The resignation of the College Dieti-

tian, Miss Mary Green, brings to us Miss Phyllis Clarke, a last year's graduate of the School of Household Science.

During the past summer the Macdonald College Golf Club has been very active. The membership of the club is now fifty. Return matches were played with Knowlton and Summerlea, and a single with the Senneville Country Club. Many of the members participated in the McGill Faculty vs. Student match at Dixie. On our course, several competitions were played. The President's prize for the best net score in the qualifying rounds of the Fallis Trophy was won by Mr. Norris Hodgins. The Fallis Trophy was won by Dr. Du Porte, who turned in a score of 79. Some of the newer members have lowered their handicaps this year, so that plenty of new match material is in sight. Much credit is due this year's committee.

Mrs. Helen Hobbs, formerly instructor in physical training, died early in May at her home "Milbrook", Borstal Road, Rochester, Kent, England.





Athletics

FOOTBALL

It was with much regret that Macdonald dropped out of the Junior Intercollegiate Football League this year. Owing partly to the small number of men students, and more so to the fact that only six of last years players were left as a nucleus on which to build a new team, it was considered advisable to play in the Inter-faculty League.

Practice work was begun at an early date, morning practices being held for the first time in the history of Mac rugby, and the men started the season with high hopes. Much work, however, was necessary to mould a team out of the squad as fully two thirds of the men were playing football for the first time.

The first game on Oct 20th. found the team in pretty fair condition, and although Mac. came out on the short end of a 22 to 1 score, the loss was not so bad considering inexperience of many of the players. Amaron, Matthews and McGarigle turned in their usual steady game, while Sharpe and Eaton, among the new men, looked very promising. In this game Brigham sustained injuries to his arm which necessitated his retirement for the season.

The following Saturday Macdonald

played Arts on the College Campus. Our men worked hard but lacked team play, and because of several misplays and failure to take advantage at the strategic moment, again went down to defeat.

The following two games against Commerce and Law were were keenly contested. Our fellows were coming on all the time, and, determined to make up for their former defeats, fought tooth and nail. However Commerce beat us by a 13 to 4 score after a hard fought game, and but for the fact that Eaton and Sharpe were absent when the team lined up on the muddiest field against Law the latter's win of 12 to 0 would have been a different story.

These completed the league games. On Nov. 17th an exhibition game was played against the Metcalfe Athletic Club from Westmount. It was then the boys of the Green and Gold turned in their best game of the season. The Montreal team scored two touch downs early in the game but then Macdonald settled down and threatened the visitors' line on several occasions. Finally, after several runs for three quarters the length of the field in which Sharpe, Eaton and Matthews figured, Amaron made a beautiful end run resulting in a touch. From then on the Mac men fought hard to overcome their

opponents early lead, and were pressing the visitors hard when the final whistle blew, the game ending with the score — Metcalfe 16 — Macdonald 8.

The last game of the season was played on Nov. 24th against the M. A. A. Juniors on a snow-covered field. Fast football was impossible but the spectators who turned out to see the game witnessed a clever exhibition. The game was anybody's until the whistle blew for a 17-11 score for M. A. A. A.

students with enthusiasm. Class and individual competition always runs high and this year was no exception.

The date originally set was Wednesday Oct. 10th. but owing to weather conditions it was postponed until Saturday the 13th. The feature of the day was the breaking of the two mile record by W. Walker. He brought the figure down from 10 min. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. to 10 min. 3 $\frac{7}{10}$ sec.

The highest aggregate was R. Smith with a total of 20 points. W. Walker



The Rugby Squad. Inset, Joe Lanthier, Coach

The following men comprised this year's rugby squad.

— Amaron, Harrison, Eaton, Sharpe, Matthews, Mitchell, Brigham, McGarigle, Rogers, Cooper, H. Cooke, L. Cooke, Rewell, Little, Denman, Ward, Shaw, Hicks, Marshall, Hamilton.

J. D. L.

FIELD DAY

Field day is an event which is always looked forward to each year by the men

closely followed with a total of 18 points. The third aggregate was G. Woodley with a total of 15 points.

The inter-class cup was won by the sophomore year with a total of 45 points.

Those who officiated were:

Judges: Dr. Harrison, Dr. Lynde, Prof. Summerby.

Time Keepers: Dr. Dickson, Dr. Du Porte.

Judges of Measurement: Mr. Vanterpool, Mr. Laughland.

Starter: Mr. Bemont.

Announcer. Mr. Crampton.

Recorder: Mr. Coulson.

The following is the list of events and winners:

100 yards—1 R. Smith, 2 W. Walker, 3 L. Cooke. Time 11 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

Shot Put—1 S. Hetherington, 2 C. Owen, 3 W. Tully. Distance 26 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

220 yards—R. Smith, 2 H. Mills, 3 F. James. Time 26 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

Standing Broad Jump—1 G. Woodley, 2 W. Walker, 3 R. Smith. Distance 8ft. 5in.

High Jump—1 G. Woodley, 2 C. Owen, 3 H. Mills. Height 4ft. 11in.

880 yards—1 R. Eaton, 2 E. Walford, 3 W. Walker. Time 2 min. 25 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

440 yards—1 W. Walker, 2 H. Mills, 3 J. Fleury. Time 61 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

Hurdle Race—1 R. Smith, 2 C. Owen, Time 21 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

Pole Vault—1 I. Hay, 2 R. Smith, 3 J. Fleury. Height 8ft.

Running Broad Jump—1 G. Woodley, 2 F. James, 3 R. Smith. Distance 18 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Hop Step and Jump—1 F. James, 2 F. Sharpe, 3 C. Owen. Distance 33ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Mile Race—1 E. Walford, 2 R. Eaton, 3 W. Walker. Time 6 min. 1 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.

*Two Mile Race—1 W. Walker, 2 S. Ward, 3 R. Eaton. Time 10 min. 3 $\frac{7}{10}$ sec.

Tug-of-War—Won by the sophomore year.

Relay Race—Won by the sophomore year.

* New Record



Men's Athletic Executive

Girls' Athletics

FIELD DAY

Monday, October the fifteenth, dawned a fair, beautiful day. Many relieved sighs were heard when several anxious students gazed out of the college windows. This was the day of days for the Mac athletes.

There were a great many entries for some of the races and it was necessary to have eliminations in the 100 yards and 220 yards dash. These took place on Thursday, October the eleventh.

The weather conditions were so favorable that we were able to have all the events outside. The races were started a little later than was originally planned so unfortunately it was necessary to drop some events. But this did not mar the enjoyment of the participators or the spectators. The competition was very keen, each event being closely contested. Five records were broken.

Miss Isabel Bull led with a total number of twenty-six points. Miss Evelyn Copland came a close second with twenty-three points. There were the usual prizes for all races, and these were presented by Miss Russell on the evening of the Elocutionary Contest. Miss Bull and Miss Copland were the only two to get a total of fifteen points or over, thus winning their "Mac" shields.

A list of the events with the winners is as follows:—

*100 yard dash —	E. Copland
	Time: 13 sec.
*Running Broad Jump —	I. Bull
	Distance: 12' 6"
*220 yard dash —	E. Copland
	Time: 33 secs.
Three Legged Race —	E. Copland, and
	I. Bull
Obstacle Race—	I. Bull

*Running High Jump H. Cassils.

Height: 4' 11½"

*Hop, Step and Jump —I. Bull.

Distance: 26' 1"

Wheelbarrow Race — E. Copland and

M. Baker

Leap Frog —

H. Cassils

Standing Broad Jump —

R. Hair.

The relay races were very exciting and when finally Section A was successful their joy knew no bounds. The Inter-School Tug of War caused much merriment. Thanks are due to the coaches who so kindly gave of their valuable experience. There isn't a girl who was on any of the different teams but will remember the famous "Heave" that rang out in the autumn air.

Thanks are due to Miss Heathcote, the girls' physical instructress, for her splendid coaching and her personal enthusiasm. Without Miss Heathcote's interest and aid it would have been well nigh impossible to get the splendid results that were achieved. Thanks in no small measure are also due to the judges and all the officers, also to the men students whose assistance and co-operation were much appreciated.

The 1923 Field Day will go down in college history as one of the best. It will set a high standard for all newcomers. May they live up to it!

Dorothy C. Drysdale.

* New record.

BUSH LEAGUE BASEBALL

After a series of very interesting baseball games, the Bush League of the 1923 season closed with the High School Baseball Team as champions.

The league consisted of teams representing Household Science, the High School, and each of the three sections of

Model Teachers. Each team played four games, and these in most cases were fairly close and keenly contested.

The High School girls had, without a doubt, the strongest all-round team and were victorious in every game they played. Section "A" from the Teachers were second in the league, winning three games out of the four they played.

The prize for the winning team was a box of "Lauras" for each member.

Apart from this league very little baseball has so far been played. A team from the Boys, playing left-handed, was defeated on Nov. 21st by a score of 19-17. The outlook is very encouraging and we should have a very good college team this year.

Audrey Taylor.

SWIMMING

The popularity of swimming continues to grow at the college. The girls have a very capable instructor in Miss Heathcote and have not been slow in taking advantage of her wonderful coaching. On Nov. 20th awards of the proficiency certificate and bronze medallion by the Royal Life Saving Society were made to Grace H. Campbell, Lesley F. Bryant, E. Clare Jamieson, Kay Little, Janet B. Ross, Dot Sangster, L. Amy Wilkinson, and L. Monica Wright. The Award of Merit—given for proficiency in all styles of swimming and diving, as well as for ability to swim in full street attire, and knowledge of life-saving methods—was made to Miss Heather Cassils.



Women's Athletic Executive

:-: :-: CORRESPONDENCE :-: :-:

The Editor

Macdonald College Magazine

Dear Sir,

There have been many complaints and much dissatisfaction over the lack of tennis accommodation at Mac. That the women students have felt this lack keenly for at least three years is evidenced by the following facts: —

I. All funds remaining in the treasury of the Girls' Athletic Association at the end of the College year 1921-22, a sum amounting to \$75.00 were voted to be spent solely for the betterment of the tennis accommodation.

II. All funds remaining in the treasury of the Association at the end of the college year 1922-'23, a sum of about \$50.00, were voted to be spent solely for the betterment of the tennis accommodation.

III. There has been a tremendous demand for tennis during the present session.

The present accommodation consists of one grass court on the girls' campus, but woe betide any intrepid student who should attempt to play on said court during the golfing season, notwithstanding the fact that the court is on the girls' campus.

Steps were taken by the Girls' Athletic Association last spring to improve the state of affairs and money was voted for the upkeep of the court. The tennis manager was instructed to arrange for the installation of three new courts and permission to put these on the girls' campus obtained from Dr. Harrison. At the same time the students were given the privilege of having metal pipes put in to act as back stop posts.

Spring was late and before arrange-

ments could be made exams were at hand and the students felt reluctant to sacrifice from study the amount of time necessary to make these arrangements. The matter was thus temporarily dropped.

At the close of the session Miss Heathcote, acting on behalf of the Girls' Athletic Association, made arrangements to have these courts installed during the summer and had they been carried out according to Miss Heathcote's orders there would have been four good grass courts fit for tournament play at the opening of the present session.

However at the opening of college and contrary to all expectations the work on the courts had not even been commenced nor had word to this effect been received by Miss Heathcote.

At that date it was useless to commence work with any hope of tennis for the fall especially when taking into account that when the college reverted to standard time it would be dark at six o'clock and there could therefore be no tennis after tea.

The matter has therefore been set aside for the present but will be resumed in the early spring, as the Girls' Athletic Association intends to make every effort to improve this disgraceful state of affairs. They do not intend to have the slogan "Tennis at Mac" the joke that "A new gym. at McGill" has become.

Yours truly,
"Excelsior"

The Editor,

Macdonald College Magazine.

Dear Sir,

We are fortunate enough to have in the Post Office of the college, a clock. At least it is called a clock, but after

seriously considering the matter for a couple of years, I am now beginning to think that it is not a clock at all in the true sense of the word. Perhaps I may be wrong and it is a clock, but if it is, it has certainly either dissipated a lot in its day or suffered from malnutrition in infancy.

It does tell the time, we must give it credit for that, but what a prevaricator it is. It cannot travel the straight and narrow path for half an hour at a time, let alone days or weeks as it should. And this does not reflect any discredit on whoever is responsible for looking after this wonderful timepiece, as it is certainly well looked after. The time must be changed several times a week by the one in charge, to say nothing of the feeble changes the hands make themselves due to some peculiar internal influence.

The power house whistle and this clock are continually at variance, or in simpler language, the co-efficient of variation is very great. Which is supposed to be right? The whistle or the clock? And the peculiar part of it is the college students are supposed to go to their different lectures by this clock. I am sure a great deal (I will not say all) of the trouble in connection with being late for lectures could be eliminated if we had a good clock in the post office.

I wish, Mr. Editor, you would draw this matter to the attention of the college authorities, as it is certainly one that causes considerable inconvenience, and is therefore important.

Respectfully,
Wilbur C. Tully.

The Editor,
The Macdonald College Magazine.
Dear Sir,

We believe that the buildings of Macdonald College were erected by Sir Wil-

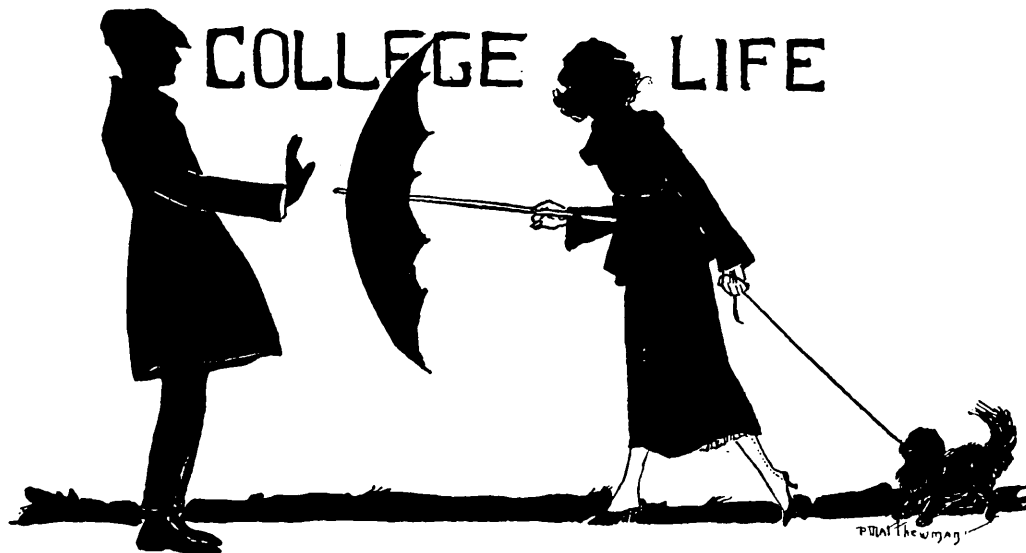
liam Macdonald primarily for the benefit of the students who were to occupy them. The "Macdonald" Philharmonic Society is not a student organization. It is true that several undergraduates have given their services to this society. But the committee which dictates the policy of the society does not include anyone from the three schools. None of the student members have any voice in its administration.

In the past no student organization has been allowed to charge a compulsory admittance fee, no matter how deserving the cause. Indeed it was the prevalent idea that such action was contrary to the constitution of the college. In past years the Authorities have shown considerable opposition to even a voluntary collection upon these occasions.

It therefore came as a matter of considerable surprise to a large number when it was announced that the "Macdonald" Philharmonic Society, without consultation of the students, had decided upon a definite admittance fee for a series of Saturday evening concerts. On enquiry it transpired that owing to a lavish expenditure upon instruments and other material, that, without the assistance which was demanded, the financial situation would have been somewhat precarious.

It would seem that there is one rule for Student Activities and another for such bodies as the "Macdonald" Philharmonic Society. Moreover we regret the action of this society in omitting to gain the formal support of the student body and we would like to say that the omission of this courtesy considerably diminished the regard with which it might have been held and certainly lessened the attendance at the concert on the evening of Nov. 24th.

Faithfully yours,
Aggie.



The Girls' Dance

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Great was the excitement and anticipation which pervaded the corridors of the Women's Residence on the night of the second of November. The first big social event of the year was about to be staged—the Girls' Dance. For this the girls had spent hours in preparation, and now they were to realize the fruits of their labours.

At eight o'clock the guests began to arrive. In a short time the corridors of the residence were crowded with bright-eyed maidens and chivalrous youths. Happy smiles could be seen on the faces of everyone, the atmosphere seemed to contain an irresistible inspiration to be gay.

The guests were received by Dr. Harrison, Miss Russell and Miss Dorothy Sangster. The couples then gathered in the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated in a black and white colour scheme. The familiar appearance of the gymnasium was transformed by the pen-

nants and streamers which adorned the radiators and walls.

Without notice the orchestra burst forth into the first dance of the evening and the assembled multitude was wafted into forgetfulness and drowned its sorrows and cares in the golden nectar of dreamy syncopation. The floor was in an excellent condition and the McGill Dance Orchestra, who supplied the music, played wonderfully, and encores were so liberal that supper was not served until near midnight. The call for supper did not remain unheeded and all adjourned to the dining hall, which was especially decorated for the occasion. The pillars were draped with many-coloured streams and the side-lights surmounted with neat little shades, more than one of these being "pinched" after by the boys to adorn the lights in their rooms, and to serve as souvenirs.

The inner man being satisfied, the company repaired to the gymnasium, where dancing was resumed. The orchestra came back with great vigour. The moon on the balcony peeped forth now and again, to shed its bright light over the dancers. The punch that was served between dances received admirable at-

tention, one member of the staff taking no less than six consecutive glasses. Everything was in order for the comfort of the guest.

But the fact that all good things must come to an end was soon realized. That the evening was coming to a close was regretted by everyone. Yet to many, the call of the downy bed was beginning to have a strong appeal, after careening their way through twenty dances. The singing of the National Anthem, a "Failt Ye," and an M-C-G-I-L-L," and a most enjoyable dance had ended.—D. R. W.

THE GIRLS' INITIATION

If you are willing to listen my friend,
I'll make your hair stand up on end.
Lean closer to me and you shall hear
What we did to the Freshies here this
year.

They came a green and saucy crew,
Some were submissive, but only a few.
However they soon were put in their
places,

And the saucy grins wiped off their
faces.

On a Thursday morning at half past
four

The Seniors went from door to door
Telling the Freshies to get up and dress
Or they'd find themselves in a dreadful
mess;

To leave hair in curlers and for binding
their eyes

To bring one long stocking, no matter
what size.

Obedient Freshies, in no time at all

They appeared in the foyer to answer
roll call.

They soon were blindfolded and in bands
of ten

They marched round the campus and
woke up the men.

Then back to the gym they marched every
one.

"Oh!" cried the Seniors, "Now for the
fun—

Take off your shoes! Get down on your
knees!

Crawl under the benches and walk on
the peas!

Eat fish worms and dead fish eyes!

Shake hands with a corpse, we'll not
heed your cries."

It was almost more than they could en-
dure

To have their hair rubbed with Glover's
Mange Cure.



Wild was their terror when a gruff voice
said,

"Step up to the guillotine and off goes
your head!"

But they couldn't turn back and so on
they went,

Straight to their doom by the cruel Sen-
iors sent,

The breakfast bell rang, they made for
the door

And were met with molasses and feathers
galore.

They were all taught a song, and how
they did sing,

They made the old walls of the dining room ring.

"The Freshies are coming" is what they did say.

"And the Seniors are doing their duty to-day."

Mary I. Clark, B. H. S'24.

THE S. C. A. RECEPTION

Macdonald College

Oct. 7, 1923.

Dearest Molly:—

This letter will be more cheerful than my previous ones for the simple reason that the S. C. A. reception was held last night. This will probably fail to enlighten you but let me explain that the S. C. A. is the Students' Christian Association and that their reception is held for the purpose of introducing the new students. It certainly was a success. Everyone had a great time and Mac. is certainly a wonderful place. You remember me raving in my last letter about a certain tall, fair freshman? Well, I met him and he has asked me to tea on Saturday and to the big dance on November the second. Thrills! He's a marvellous dancer and as charming a conversationalist. I met lots of others and they are all good sports, too.

We had contests, games, etc., and I was lucky enough to get a prize of a box of candy which, strange to say, I was foolish enough to leave on the piano. Somebody emptied it but I was having such a good time that I didn't care.

Miss Russell and Miss Philp and most of the staff were there but they weren't at all stiff and seemed to be glad that we were having such a good time. Bob Haslam is head of the S. C. A. and he made a charming little speech at the beginning. Dr. Lynde extended a hearty welcome to all the new students on behalf of the college.

There were quite a few dances and

the music was great. The college has a good orchestra with a saxophone 'n everything. We even have a girl saxophone player and she's the berries alright. As for Marian Mackay, she sure can tickle the ivories. I've written to you about her before. There is also a girl who sings. Her name is Evelyn Copland and she sang two songs, one of them being "A Kiss in the Dark." It just gave you a thrill to hear it.

The refreshments were delightful. I sat on the stairs to the tank and we had more fun. Altogether it was a peach of a party.

Well, Ol' Bean, I must get to work now. I'm sure you will be glad that my good times at Mac. have started. I only wish that you were here too.

Give my love to all the crowd, not forgetting yourself.

Dolly.

"MUSICAL MOMENTS"

One of the outstanding entertainments of the College year so far was "Musical Moments," presented by Junior Household Science on Saturday, November 17, 1923, under the auspices of the Social Activities Committee.

The picturesque garden scene from the "Mikado" was effectively acted in a setting of banked foliage and Japanese lanterns. The Misses E. Copland, W. Honey and M. Mackay distinguished themselves as the "Three Little Maids from School" and were capably supported by a chorus of Oriental maidens in bright kimono and gay chrysanthemums. Yum-Yum (otherwise Ev.) was particularly noteworthy in her interpretation of that rather difficult solo, "The Moon and I."

Miss Heather Cassils made a decided "hit" in her impersonation of the eternally hunted male and was strenuously encored by sympathetic members of the School of Agriculture. "Can't you see I

love you—" is now a popular song in the Boys' Building.

"The Bachelor's Dream" ended in a charming reality of white net and orange blossoms—appropriately chosen to represent the Macdonald Household Science girl, and the "stew" wasn't the sole attraction.

A Comedietta entitled "The Sale of a Wife" caused much amusement and a dainty dance with ladies of quaint bodices and gentlemen of lace ruffles lent an interesting variety to the program. It is

the result of hard work and faithful practice, as well as personal talent.

B. H., F. H.

THE ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST

The first of a series of activities promoted by the Literary and Debating Society of Macdonald College during the year was held on Oct. 31, 1923 at 7.00 P. M. in the Assembly Hall of the College. The chair for the evening was filled by the president of the Society, Mr. J. A. McGarigle.



"Musical Moments"

impossible to dwell on the merits of the individuals of the chorus here, as one would surely need a roll-call of the Junior Ads.

Mr. C. D. Frayn and Mr. A. E. White, of Montreal, supplemented the program with organ and vocal solos. Immediately before the close of the performance, Miss A. Argue, the President, made a pretty curtain speech thanking all those who assisted in the program. She was presented with a sheaf of mums.

The complete cast and stage manager are to be congratulated upon this most enjoyable evening, which was evidently

There were three entries from the ladies, and four from the men, and these last very gallantly deferred first place on the program to the ladies.

The first speaker of the evening and deservedly the winner of the first prize in the Women's entries, was Miss Frances Gould of the Model Teachers. She recited with remarkable interpretation the poem called "The Pencil-Seller." The poem was quite sad, and shared this quality with the recitation by Miss Leola Booth, entitled "Papa's Letter,"—the story of a little boy who "mailed" himself to his father, and in the delivery was

killed by a truck in the street. This was followed by a humorous selection "Church Reveries of a School girl" by Miss McRae.

The first of the men contestants then spoke—Mark Antony's speech, given by Mr. Hicks. The second item on this part of the program was a very original and entertaining talk by Mr. Mitchell, in which he related a most heartrending tale of a young man's experiences on a family picnic. This novelty, which caused considerable merriment, was followed by the sixth speaker's contribution, entitled "the Old Vicarage of Grantchester" (Brooke) the speaker being Mr. Cooper. The contest closed with a poem by Mr. Woodley, the sole representative from the men teachers.

The judges, Mr. Percival, Dr. Dickson and Miss Hayward, according to custom "retired to decide upon the winners," and in the meantime the chairman announced that the prizes for the Field Days would be given. This was done, Miss Russell kindly consenting to present the prizes to the winners.

The judges returned after twenty minutes consultation, and Mr. Percival came to the platform. He was quite witty, and amused us for some time, but contrary to his voiced intentions, kept us in suspense as to the winners. Such is the habit of judges. After telling us some interesting stories, he finished by saying that the decision of the judges had been unanimous in awarding the prizes as follows—in the women's contest 1st, Miss Gould, 2nd, Miss Booth,—and in the men's contest, 1st, Mr. Mitchell, 2nd, Mr. Hicks, 3rd, Mr. Cooper.

The evening closed with the National Anthem.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE

The first of the series of inter-class debates for the Robertson Shield took

place in the Assembly Hall on Nov. 23, when the Freshmen and Sophs clashed in that old-time rivalry that is peculiar to verbal tilts. The resolution was as follows:

Resolved: "That labor organizations promote the best interests of the workman."

The Freshmen argued the affirmative. Mr. Hicks, the first speaker, pointed out that the welfare of the laborer was the welfare of the nation, and advanced good cause why labor organizations benefit the worker. He showed the improved conditions under which the worker lived and the improved opportunities for education and citizenship he was afforded. Mr. Shaw, the seconder of the Affirmative, further stressed the economic and social advantages which such organizations provide and called attention to the political aspect. He also dwelt on the unfair treatment which non-union labor has in many cases had to tolerate.

The Negative, Messrs. Hamilton and Cooper, contended that class warfare was the inevitable outcome of unions, and though admitting that unions had served the purpose of bringing Capital to the realization that Labor could not be exploited, submitted that profit sharing and garden city systems were better alternatives to promote co-operation between the two parties. Several points of the Affirmative were cleverly rebutted and the Negative's argument closed with a vivid picture of the disorder which Russia enjoys as a result of the eternal jealousies which party interests promote.

Mr. Hicks then in a short but pointed rebuttal refuted the popular conception that unions promote strikes, and called attention to the fact that arbitration is always the union's first method of attempt at settlement of disputes.

The judges Mr. G. F. Wright, Dr. Lynde and Mr. Vanterpool then retired, and the gathering was favoured with a

song by Miss Copland and a violin solo by Eddie Walford. Miss Copland and Miss Mackay also sang a duet.

Mr. Wright, the Chairman of the judges, then complimented the debaters and announced that the Freshmen had won. The platform manner and delivery of the Negative, whilst most engaging, could not offset the advantage of matter which the affirmative gained.

"God Save the King," ended a very delightful evening.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le 2 octobre les élèves intéressés dans la langue français se réunirent au collège Macdonald. Cette société est nommée "Cercle Français" et elle a comme devise, "Ici on parle le français."

Les membres de l'exécutif furent élus comme suit:—

Présidente Honoraire: Melle Brownrigg

Vice-Présidente: Melle. Hodgson

Sécr. Trésor.: Melle. Lambly

Les membres auxiliares:—

Melle. Boa, Mon. Sharpe.

La première assemblée sociale eut lieu le 25 octobre. Un grand nombre fut présent. On remarquait la présidente honoraire, Mademoiselle Brownrigg; la surintendante de la Résidence des demoiselles, Mademoiselle Russell; et aussi Mademoiselle Armitage, qui a généreusement assisté avec le chant. Il y eut des jeux. La société s'attend à avoir un orateur le 29 novembre.

La société donnera plusieurs soirées sociales—débat, concert. Tout le monde est très bienvenu.—Aileen Dorion.

THE HOBO PARTY

Sez I to my wife, Mirandy Jane, the night before the big spree in Hoboville on Oct. 20, "Look-a-here, Mirandy Jane, hev yez got my Sunday clothes pressed? Don't ye fergit that this 'ere big party is goin' to be to-morrow night!"

We all knew it wuz goin' to be the biggest dance of this 'ere season and so we wuz all lookin' forard to that there occasion.

The big night arrived and after all my chores wuz done, I sez to Mirandy, sez I, "Produce them there Sunday clothes!" "For land's sake, Ebenezer, I've clean forgot! Ye'll jist hev to wear what ye've got on!"

Sez I, "Seein's it's goin' to be sech big fun, I'm goin' jist the same, Sunday clothes or no!"

So, by heck, I hitched old Dobbin to the buckboard and we driv seven or thereabouts miles to the buddin' village of Hoboville, near the town of Ste. Anne's de Bellevue. That there shindy wuz held in the wimmin's residence, in a room called the jim. There we scen a grand old crowd of folks arrivin' to nev some sport. I never seen so many swell gals, or sech up-an-ocin' young duds as at that there party! Naterally, I hed to dance the first round with Mirandy. I never seen her look so bloomin' as that there night. Thinks I to myself 'she's most as spry as when we wuz courtin.'

I hed a swell time with all the purty gals. All the fellers seemed to enjoy themselves, laughin' and jokin.' The gals wuz somethin' turrible with their flirtin' and eye-makin.' The orchestry wuz grand and the music sure did take all the rhumatiz out of everybody's bones, fer they wuz as spry as spring chickens.

In the middle of this here party, a young gal she steps up to me and she sez, "Kin ye play the pianner?" I sez, "Sure, I kin!" Then she up and sings a song, somethin' about pale hands and Kashmere stockin's. She sure did sing it good, too. I heard as her name wuz Miss Evelyn Copland.

They giv prizes to the best-lookers, and they wuz by the name of Mister S. Hetherington, and Miss Jean Lambly—some swells they wuz, too. I wuz very

disapp'inted that my Mirandy didn't get one of them prizes. She sure did look corkin' when she stepped the grand march with Mister Hetherington.

We sure thought that we wuz all goin' to be bombed at that there dance. Some young feller with white whiskers thought he'd be smart and take a picter of us, we looked so purty. When, bang! we wuz most blinded by a flash. I heard 'em sayin' that we clean broke that there camera so we ain't got no picters. By gum! it was sech a shame.

We wuz all pleased to hev present with us them there husky chaps from the College of McGill in Montreal. We all went home at the late hour of 10:30, after spendin' a very pleasant evenin'.

Ebenezer Corntossel.

THE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS

"All aboard" shouted a G. T. R. conductor at the Ste. Annes Station at forty-six minutes past four on Friday, November 9. Hearing this bellow, a couple hundred of Macdonald students, who were on the platform, dashed wildly for the

steps of the coaches. Handkerchiefs fluttered, and a small group of disconsolate-looking young men and women strained their optics after the rapidly receding train. In a moment all was over. The fortunate ones were off for home, and those left behind were, as they turned slowly toward the college, apparently suffering from the "blues" until one, more optimistic than the rest, started:

"Put on your green-and-gold sweater, For you'll have none better, and we'll open up another"

All joined heartily in that old familiar song. Another that told the world "that it's not for knowledge that we came to college" followed and made every one of the gang feel that a short vacation at the college wouldn't be the worst thing in the world if a holiday spirit could be kept alive. Two by two the "leftovers" fell into line and the walk back afforded all too short a time in which to lay plans for jolly parties during the week-end.

At supper that night the three-score students resolved that "Cheerio" would



Macdonald Society Leaders, 1923-24

be the motto for the three succeeding days. That this was kept in mind the events of the following seventy hours proved.

Details would not be complete if the happenings of Friday night were omitted. At that time one party followed the old custom of attending the movies and visiting the Hudson Bay House. Another, composed of young men, were the guests of honor at an entertainment in the girls' gym.

The real success of the vacation, however, was staged on Saturday night. In the morning the boys laid in a goodly supply of fire-wood, obtained in spite of great difficulties. At six o'clock the dietitian gave an honest-to-goodness Thanksgiving Dinner to staff and students in the dining-room, after which the eighty or more present assembled in the foyer. Here games were played, marshmallows toasted and a good time enjoyed

about the fire. Who can forget the old-fashioned games of "Charades" and "Rachel and Jacob?" Words seem feeble when an attempt is made to picture the hilarity of the party when a fun-loving post-grad. managed to catch his Rachel, the Superintendent. At about nine o'clock the scene shifted to the gymnasium where dancing was indulged in until about ten-fifteen. The foyer, at this time, once again became the center of activities and the gathering enjoyed the unique spectacle of watching the magazine photographer endeavoring to take a picture of the tired but happy group. This he succeeded in doing without losing his equilibrium, much to the disappointment of the crowd. Then in a shower of cushions "good-nights" were said and a pleasant evening ended.

Sunday was in many respects quite ordinary. The spirit of "Cheerio," however, still prevailed and a little fussing,



The Thanksgiving Bunch

a little work, less sleeping and more chats made the day pass all too quickly. Dr. and Mrs. Lynde entertained some of the students at tea and in the evening the time-honored Sing-Song gave the opportunity for a final assembly. With a Bermudian visitor at the huge pump organ the old-fashioned hymns were sung with zest. Refreshments, followed by a selection appropriate to Armistice Day, and "Alma Mater," brought an enjoyable meeting of worship to a close.

Monday was a day of rest and preparation. The good times of the recess were over but pleasant memories linger and make all agree with Mr. Petulengro that "Life is sweet."—S. W. H.

AGGIES' INITIATION

After many hours of waiting, rendered uneasy and fearful by overworked imaginations, the Freshmen learned that initiation is not such a terrible ordeal. It is indeed an established scholastic course which is unequalled for its educational value. Man has not tasted life until he has been initiated.

On September 19 our freshmen—need I say bashful—were welcomed into our midst with full rites and ceremonies.

Biff! Bang! Biff! and each youthful aspirant for knowledge was delicately propelled out of his warm soft bed into the bleak, cold, hard world. Scarcely was he thus rudely awakened, when a towel was twisted around his head and he was led by devious paths to the Hall of Ceremonies. Here he was waited on by various expert artists who generously demonstrated their arts to the contortions of the victim and the vast delight and satisfaction of the audience.

First there was the make-up artist. Delicately he traced his red and black lines, ultimately producing a countenance showing signs of intelligence, which had formerly been absent. Then there was the master of black-art whose wisdom

deemed that the footprints of the initiated should be visible for many days.

One of the Fundamental laws of Physics was then impressed upon the persons of the fortunate ones. "To every action there is an equal and positive reaction." Extremes of heat are followed by extremes of cold. It would be impossible to recount all the various means provided to make the function a success but mention must be made of the delectable dish provided by the skill and foresight of Class '26. It was a masterpiece of the chemical and culinary arts and could not be surpassed even by the concoctions provided in the College dining room.

The laws of Freshman etiquette were then expounded by the worthy judge and his able assistants and the serving of refreshments and the College Yell followed. The Freshmen had been admitted.

During the following week strange figures were to be seen on the campus and in and about the buildings. This was merely an attempt by the Frosh to show the world how much they had learned in one night. It is unnecessary to state that their impressions were rather confused. "What does it matter" proudly quoted one, "we are now Mac men."—H. H.

THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL GRADUATE CLUB IN CANADA

This year sees the birth of the first Graduate Club at Macdonald. This innovation was thought to be necessary not merely because of the comparatively large number of graduate students at the college, but because such an organization should be one of the essentials of graduate life at college. It will bring the students from all the various options together for the purposes of discussion, and for hearing lecturers from other institutions, on topics which will be confined mainly to some branch of science.

One feature it is hoped that the club

will achieve is that it will give the graduate student an insight into the nature of some of the work that is being done in branches of science other than that in which he is specializing. It will thus broaden his outlook, and make him realize that his metier is not the *only* line, and that the other fellow's is of just as much importance, each having its own particular place in the domain of science.

Such an organization will undoubtedly do away with that narrowness which is too often the product of clubs covering only one branch of science.

The organization is known as The McGill Agricultural Graduate Club. Its members comprise all those on the Macdonald College Staff who are also members or associate members of the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research of McGill, as well as the graduate students themselves.

It is proposed to hold meetings every third week; that there be two speakers at each meeting; and, that these be outside men as far as possible.

The meetings to date have been successful beyond expectation. This has been due, in a large measure, to the speakers which we have had the pleasure of hearing, namely, Dr. Eve, Professor of Physics at McGill, whose topic was entitled, "Seeing the Unseen"; Dr. Willey, Professor of Zoology at McGill, who lectured on Evolution; and Mr. Arthur Gibson, Dominion Entomologist, who spoke on the "Rise of Entomology in Canada."

At each meeting a chairman from among the graduates is appointed for the next meeting, so that each student in turn is afforded an admirable opportunity for conducting a meeting.

To Macdonald comes the unique honour of the formation of the first Agricultural Graduate Club in the Dominion. Unique in that its members are graduate students in agriculture taking lectures

and carrying on research at the institution.

Judging by the preliminary list of speakers which the Programme Committee has drawn up, and the genuine, healthy spirit of scientific camaraderie which is fast arising among the graduates who have come together here at Macdonald from all parts of the Dominion, one might well augur the success of the McGill Agricultural Graduate Club, even beyond what its instigators hoped for.—T. C. V.

S. C. A. NOTES

Upon the re-assembling of the students this fall, the S. C. A. of Macdonald College was re-organized and the following officers elected at a meeting of the student body. The President, R. J. Haslam, who had been elected last spring, was in the chair.

Hon. President: Rev. Dr. Lancaster
Hon. Vice-President: Mrs. F. C. Harrison.

1st. Vice-President: Miss Alice Cattach.

2nd. Vice-President: Miss I. Malin
Secty.-Treas.: H. Hill.

The Class Representatives are:—
Science: Dorothy Munro, Winnifred Honey.

Teachers: Miss J. Likely, Miss B. Barton.

4th Year: Miss M. G. Russell

3rd Year: F. S. Ward

2nd Year: K. Little

1st Year: P. Harvey.

The chief activities of the Association to date have been: the Annual Reception in the men's Gym, sing-songs, and an address by Dr. S. McLure. Dr. McLure, a graduate of McGill, is a medical missionary who has spent the greater part of his life in China and his address, in which he recounted the difficulties of his pioneer work, was much appreciated by the large body of students who gathered to hear him.

The Sing-Songs have been most popular, as Sunday evenings are inclined to be dull and the sings provide a welcome means of passing the time profitably. The first took place on the 29th September in the foyer. All formalities were done away with and the atmosphere assumed a friendly and home-like air. Throughout the evening there was a noticeable spirit of camaraderie which did well to put the many newcomers at ease. Many hymns were rendered by the group, requests for favorites always eliciting numerous responses.

The second was held in the Girls' Gym where, though the warmth of the fire in the foyer was missing, the seating accommodation was more spacious. Here again the selections were sung with wonderful zest, certain of the gathering losing their reticence and striving to impress their fellows with their imaginary knowledge of music. The Misses Boa and Davidson played a duet which gained the approval of all and several more numbers were sung. Miss Boa then played a piano solo, and being encored, did herself justice. After a further period of delightful rendition during which the choristers mentioned above continued to pour forth their song vigorously, refreshments, consisting of coffee and biscuits, were distributed. The meeting then broke up greatly pleased.

The S. C. A. Executive intend to make these sing-songs a regular feature of the year's work and hope that a large number of students will continue to come. Several speakers are also expected to address the Association.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

That the college man's greatest privilege is to listen, so that in after years he may speak, is an undisputed fact. An easy familiarity with the mother tongue is the prime essential of the educated

man and it is by their conversation and nothing more that students are judged by the people they meet for short talks. The purpose of the Macdonald College and Literary and Debating Society is to encourage and develop the ability of the student to express himself in a coherent manner when called upon to do so. Every student therefore serves his best interests by actively associating himself with the Society, for to every man and woman will come a time when they will be asked 'to say a few words.' What a tragedy if the university man fails to measure up to the standard set for him! Four years in college are indeed ill-spent if they teach nothing in the way of self-expression. The Lit. desires everyone to be able to rise to his feet and deliver a few concise consecutive thoughts. The impression created by a person who mumbles away to himself is truly sad and is due to the fact that the attempt at public speaking was first made long after the formative period had passed. Get into the Lit. Activities now, whilst you are at College!

The officers for the year are as follows:

Hon. Pres.—	Dr. H. D. Brunt
Hon. Vice-Pres.—	Miss Phyllis A. Clarke
President—	J. A. McGarigle
1st Vice-Pres.—	Miss F. Hodgson
2nd Vice-Pres.—	Miss Elizabeth H. Gray
Sec'ty-Treas.—	D. R. Walker

The other members of the executive are: Miss Dorothy Caplin (Sect. 'A'); Miss E. C. Irving (Sect. 'B'); Miss F. K. Washburne (Sect. 'C'); Miss A. R. Parkhill (Elem. Rep.); Miss M. I. Clark (B. H. S. IV); Miss M. M. Mofatt (B. H. S. III); Miss E. M. Gray (Sen. Ad.); Miss Winnifred Honey (Jun. Ad.); Miss Isabel Seaton (Home-maker); C. R. Mitchell (Ag. 24.); H.

R. Angell (Agr. '25); R. F. V. Cooper (Agr. '26); A. J. Hicks (Agr. '27).

THE POSTGRADUATE CLASS

Because of the large number of graduate students who have entered the portals of Macdonald this year to take up advanced work in the different departments, it soon became apparent that some organization was necessary, and with this object in view a meeting of the graduates was held on Oct. 10th.

At this meeting it was decided to have a definite class organization so that participation and recognition in the various activities of college life could be undertaken satisfactorily.

In all Macdonald has twenty-seven graduates registered for advanced courses. The excellent facilities offered by the college for this type of work are becoming recognized, and with the generous granting of numerous scholarships to promote advanced work in agriculture, have been a big factor in the development of these graduate studies.

Three scholarships are now offered to Quebec Graduate students by the Minister of Agriculture for Quebec and ten graduate scholarships by the W. C. Macdonald Co. Rgd., through the president of the company, Mr. Walter Stewart. Two of the latter are for Quebec and one for each of the other provinces. The granting of these scholarships is the result of the great personal interest which has always been taken by Mr. Walter Stewart in agricultural welfare and which follows so closely the efforts of his predecessor, the late Sir. Wm. Macdonald.

The formation of a postgraduate class this year is the first of its kind in the history of the college. The class has therefore many precedents to establish, but the active whole-hearted support it is receiving from its members argue well for its success. Graduate studies at Macdonald are on the increase and post-

graduate students will in time become a welcome and essential addition to the body politic.

The class officers are as follows:

Hon. Pres.	Dr. F. C. Harrison.
Hon. Vice-Pres.	Dr. Snell.
President	Mr. F. Laughland.
Vice-Pres.	Mr. F. Dimmock.
Secretary	Mr. A. D. Baker.
Treasurer	Mr. B. Tinney.
Athletic Mgr.	Mr. G. A. Scott.

A distinctive feature of the meeting was the unanimous election of Mr. S. C. Robison as cheer-leader and class poet.

(A.D.B.)

RE-ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '24

In spite of the various snares with which our rough path is usually strewn, we are now entered in the year which seemed so far distant in our Freshmen days of 1920.

Our strength does not lie in numbers. True we are divided into five options, but unity marks our every move. This is exemplified by the many activities in which class '24 is represented.

Included in our midst are men who excel in every branch of sport and the class as a whole has won a reputation for work which must be kept untarnished.

The following is an official representation of Class '24:

Hon. President:	Dr. R. L. Conklin.
Hon. Vice-President:	E. W. Crampton.
President:	R. H. Smith.
Vice-President:	G. S. Walsh.
Sec'y-Treasurer:	C. R. Mitchell.

The advisory Committee is composed of Prof. Lochhead, Dr. Snell, and Mr. T. C. Vanterpool.

G. S. W.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '25

When the whistle blew for the third quarter of their college game it found Class '25 lining up with a few changes on their backline. The whole team came

through the final scrimmage just before half time safely but during the intermission there were some substitutions. Although we lost one of our "suffragettes" and another class-mate was forced to skip a year, the arrival of a number of students from other colleges and the return of some old boys increased the number in the class over that of last year. With a larger class than formerly it is our hope that we may be able to forward the work of both scholarship and comradeship. With this in view and all the class working in hearty co-operation we feel we are sure to reach our goal. Joe Lanthier is President and George Hunt the Sect'y-Treasurer.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '26

The early fall of 1923 found the Class of '26 radiating a new dignity in the role of sophisticated Sophomores. This new honor became necessary when the time arrived to devise wild and devilish schemes for the proper subjugation of the new Freshmen year. The entering class, however, was fairly docile and seemed to enjoy the snappy initiation and supplementary impositions. Only once was it necessary to resort to the baptismal method of correction.

The hospitable welcome extended the "greenest of the green" showed that the value of co-operation and initiative had not been forgotten during the long summer months. "Team-work" and "pep" were the major mottoes of the class in its initial year, and judging from the results of the 1923 Track Meet and tug-of-war contest, bid fair to be the chief factors whereby greater laurels will be won by the already redoubtable Sophomore year.

Although three members of the original class did not return this year, two new men, one from Oka Agricultural College and the other from "Science", arrived as timely re-inforcements and keep the year up to strength.

Truly the prospects of Class '26 are rosy.

The officers for the year are as follows:

Hon. President:	Dr. B. T. Dickson.
Hon Vice-President:	Dr. J. B. McCarthy.
President:	- S. W. Hetherington.
Vice-President:	- R. F. V. Cooper.
Secretary:	- L. J. Cooke.
Treasurer:	- W. Levine.

ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '27

The Freshman Class of 1923 has distinguished itself in being the smallest Freshman Class that has ever entered Macdonald College. But that which they lack in quantity they hope will be made up in quality.

They were well introduced to college life by the Sophomore Class, the initiation lasting over a period of eight days. Probably the severest trial of all was not being allowed to "Fuss" until after Sports Day, which no doubt to them seemed an eternity. However since that time they have made up at a rapid rate for the opportunities lost.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:—

Hon. President	- Dr. B. T. Dickson.
Hon. Vice-President	Mr. A. H. Walker
President.	- Arthur J. Hicks.
Sec'y Treas.	W. H. Marshall.

ORGANIZATION OF THE WINTER COURSE

The Winter Course of '23-'24 awakes with rather a start and realizes that they are actually present at Macdonald and part of its scheme. To most of us it is a dream come true rather than a mere incident in the routine of our normal individual lives.

We are here primarily to learn, but having found ourselves here we find something more. We are conscious of a pre-

vailing spirit similar to that which prevails in all institutions of this kind, yet here an individual one. And we feel that to take part in the maintenance of that spirit, we must contribute that which we have, that which we acquired from our reception and that which we may yet acquire through our further association with the student body and faculty.

We are duly organized, and ready to carry on . Our officers are:

Hon. Pres.	-	Mr. W. T. Tawse
Pres.	-	W. Williamson
Secty.	- -	W. Ness
Treas.	- - -	R. J. White
S. C. A. Rep.	-	D. Fallow
Ath. Rep.	- - -	R. L. Strathy
House Com.		E. A. Johnson.

OFFICERS OF SCIENCE CLASSES

The various classes in the School for Household Science have organized and the following officers have been elected:

<i>B. H. S. Course</i>	
4th Year —President:	Dorothy M. Sangster
Secretary:	Elsie G. Watt
3rd Year —President:	Muriel M. Moffatt
Secretary:	Ruth B. Rorke
<i>Senior Ads</i>	
President:	Evelyn M. Pettes
Secretary:	Beulah M. Beamish
<i>Junior Ads</i>	
President:	Annie M. Argue
Secretary:	Marian E. MacKay
<i>Homemakers</i>	
President:	Louise A. Foss
Secretary:	Clare Brigham
<i>Autumn Short Course</i>	
President:	Helen V. McRae

TEACHERS ORGANIZE

The following are the officers elected by the various classes and sections in the School for Teachers:—

<i>Model Class</i>	
President—	Margaret C. Boa
Secretary—	Philip Harvey

<i>Elementary Class</i>	
President—	Mary L. Sutton
Secretary—	Hilda M. Bishop
<i>Section “A”</i>	
President—	Ruby Davidson
Secretary—	Beatrice Franckum
<i>Section “B”</i>	
President—	Bessie Henry
Secretary	Theresia Keller
<i>Section “C”</i>	
President—	Marjorie Rexford
Secretary—	Mary Sweet

MACDONALD PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Several years ago Mr. G. A. Stanton, former lecturer in Music at the College, instituted an Orchestra and Glee Club, which was supported by the students who came in year by year. The number of available students, however, grew steadily less and less until the supply was so inadequate that Mr. Musgrove, Mr. Stanton’s successor, felt that unless further action was taken the orchestra would cease to exist.

Dr. Harrison and Dean Laird, who had shown considerable interest in the venture, were approached, and the result was an invitation to all available local players to establish a permanent orchestra, in which students could take part. This proved a satisfactory solution of the difficulty and some good concerts were given with the aid of the Girls’ Glee Club and friends from Montreal. Ambition grew, however, and the need of additional instruments becoming more and more evident, a double-bass was purchased through the kindness of two gentlemen in Senneville, Mr. W. S. Fallis and Mr. R. R. Macaulay.

A great improvement was noted in the last concert last year and ambition continued to grow. An attempt to obtain further assistance succeeded beyond measure and golf and persuasive talk gave the Society a set of Tympani and

Orchestra Bells this year. The suggestion was also made that owing to the inconvenience which illness in the Glee Club had occasioned on former occasions that a Choral Society be formed, making use of the talent of the residents in the vicinity of Ste. Annes and members of the Staff of the College. The Society was therefore incorporated under the title of the Macdonald Philharmonic Society and consists of an enlarged orchestra and chorus of fifty voices. The Patrons are Sir Arthur W. Currie and Dr. F. C. Harrison, and Dean Laird the President. The conductor is R. Birkett Musgrove.

Three concerts have been planned for the '23-'24 season, and the first took place in the Assembly Hall on Nov. 24th. Quite an ambitious programme, as a glance at it shows, was attempted. The Chorus are to be congratulated on their interpretation of several difficult pieces and the Orchestra also deserve great credit for the efficient manner in which it handled the selections, their "Demoiselle Chic" (*Fletcher*) being so particularly delightful that the audience were disappointed when it was not repeated in its entirety. The vocal solos contributed by Mr. Gillingham, whose voice betrays the individuality of the great, were greatly appreciated by the audience. The Society is indeed happy to have the support of

such an artist as Mr. Gillingham.

PROGRAMME

"Sounds from England"— Otto Langley
(Selection of English Melodies)
Part Song—"Parting Gleams"— Sullivan
Songs:—

- (1) Eleanore— Coleridge Taylor
- (2) Sigh no more ladies— Aitkin

(Mr. Gillingham)

Characteristic Piece—"The Grasshopper's Dance"— Bucalossi
Pianoforte Solo—"Ballade" in G. Minor— Grieg

(Mrs. W. M. Goodwin)

Chorus — Bridal Chorus from "Rose Maiden"—Cowen
"Solemn Melody" for Strings and Organ — Walford Davies

INTERMISSION

Symphony in D (The London) — Haydn
1st movement (Adagio Allegro)

Part Song—"A Winter Serenade"— Mitchell

Songs:—

- (1) O Vision Enchanting—Goring Thomas
- (2) My one true love

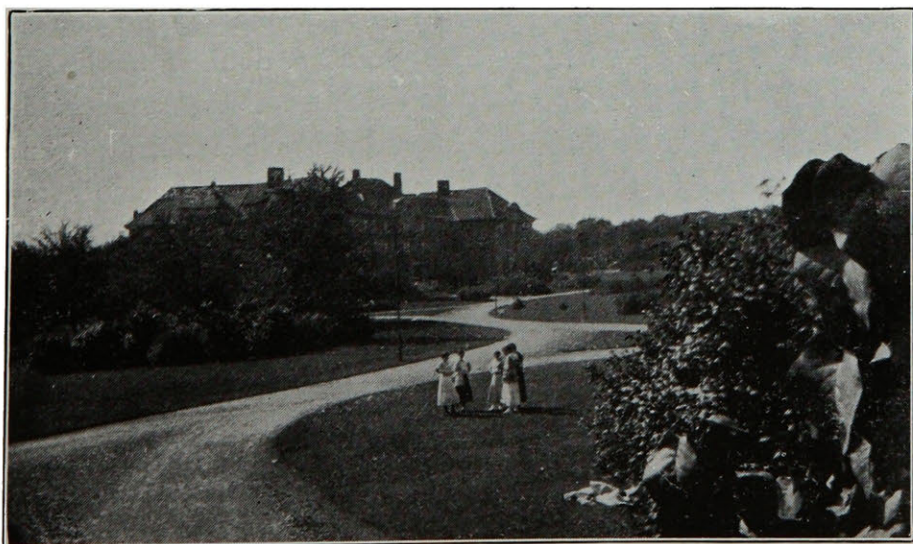
(Mr. Gillingham)

Trio — Selection from "Samson & Delilah" — Saint-Saens
(Messrs. Gudmunson, Leo Ross and R. Birkett Musgrove)

Part Song—"The Goslings"— Sir Frederick Bridge
Intermezzo—"Demoiselle Chic"— Fletcher

GOD SAVE THE KING

In conclusion the Society would like to express its thanks to Dr. Harrison for so kindly allowing the use of a room for rehearsals, and to all those whose generosity has made it possible not only to maintain the high standard of the past but also to rise to the heights of a newer ideal.



Pages From a Donkey's Note Book

I? I am a donkey. Many people in this world are donkeys and don't know it but I am the real thing and fully appreciate the HONOUR of being one. My mother and father were pack donkeys until our master bought them and then they became carriage donkeys. My master's house was a few miles from the school and the children had to drive to school in the pony cart, which was then the donkey cart.

One day, a few months after I was born, my father was killed. As he was pulling the children to school he saw a nice patch of green grass right in the middle of the railway crossing (I don't know what that is but I heard the folks say it, so I suppose it must be right.) Of course he stopped to sample it, and the children tried to make him move on, but being a very stubborn beast, he refused. Unfortunately for him a big, long, black caterpillar with smoke coming out of its head, came along just then and made him move. But I think he must have moved too quickly because he died soon after. That left only my mother to pull the cart and when she got home she would scold me and so make my life miserable. This often made me wish my father had left the grass where it should have been.

When I grew older I was hitched to the cart and supposed to take some of the burden off my mother's shoulders, but I didn't like this although it had its compensations. Every night we were given a big tin of oats. These were supposed to be for us two but I ate most of them. My mother didn't care for them I think, because she didn't eat very much, probably because there wasn't much to eat after I was finished.

In the summer time we had lots of fun.

We were let into a big meadow and were allowed to remain there until school time came again. I had a wonderful time. I rolled in the mud down at the creek and when mother would say how dirty I was, I would go right into the water and take a fresh water bath, just to show her she was wrong. I don't know why she said I was like my father, do you?

Once in the summer a big, tall fellow came to see me. He tried to sit on my back, but I couldn't be bothered with him, so I kicked and jumped in the usual donkeyfied manner. But to amuse the silly thing I allowed him to remain on my back for a few minutes, and then I threw him quite hard. He seemed to like me in spite of that, because he came to see me many times. I remember he took something or other off his head and put it on mine. He then walked away from me and held a square thing in his hand. This thing had a round opening in the front and when he pushed down his hand, it went "Click." It frightened me so, I ran away with the straw affair on my head. He yelled at me to mind his straw hat. Now I ask you, how was I to know it was a hat? I very nearly ate it; it looked so nice and shiny. I heard someone say he had put his hat on as great a donkey as he himself was. I don't think I quite understand what they meant or else I didn't hear properly because he didn't resemble me very much. You see I have four feet and he had only two, but probably the two made up for my four, they were so large. But he didn't have nice long sticky-out ears like mine.

My mother is hee-hawing to tell me the oats are come so I had better go over and eat them, before he does.—Ruth V. Kyle.

Curiosity

Curiosity is one of the queerest things in the world, and one of the most curious. I've always puzzled over why it is considered particularly a lady's attribute, and of late I've had a few thinky thoughts on the subject. There are a good many theories, of course, but of all those I have examined I like his one:—

Years ago, when men and gods lived in perfect tranquility, there was never such a thing as curiosity. It was not heard of or even thought of. Gods, men, sisters, cousins and aunts all attended strictly to their own business, cared nothing about what their neighbours were doing, and so on the whole had a very jolly time of it. Something had to happen to disturb the bliss of such a Utopia; so one day whilst Jupiter was taking a stroll on earth, even though he didn't intend to look, he couldn't help seeing a chap named Aegeo kissing Juno. (Needless to say, Mrs. Aegeo was at home with the children, not suspecting what her husband was doing.) Jupiter didn't like this a bit, so he determined to put a stop to it. He cursed all mortals with curiosity, so ever and ever afterward, wives would always want to know what their husbands were doing.

So much for the origin. No one, however, really understands what this new trait actually is. We are told by psychologists that curiosity is an instinct closely related to fear. "It is the impulse that drives one to examine an object rather than to run away from it." The little painted jaguar on the banks of the Amazon suffered much embarrassment and many prickles in his paddy-paw before he satisfied his curiosity. The best example, of course, is the insatiable curiosity of the Elephant's Child. It drove him all across Africa to the very banks of the "green, greasy Limpopo river, all set about with fever trees" to

find out what the crocodile had for dinner. "My parents," he said to the bi-coloured python rock snake, "have spanked me, my brothers and sisters have spanked me, my big aunt the hippopotamus has spanked me, my hairy uncle the baboon and my tall uncle the giraffe have spanked me all on account of my insatiable curiosity. So if you don't mind, I'd rather not be spanked again."

* " *

Related to the primary instinct is the great curiosity of scientists and inventors. Think of poor old Lydia Pinkham painstakingly pondering over prescriptions for pink pills, and all the unknown and unheard-of ones who spend a lifetime looking for something that some one else will stumble over by accident. Then there is the man who invented that game where one hits a little ball all over the place for twenty-five cents a hole. Try to imagine the strange curiosity that must have inspired his work. Maybe he sought an excuse for honest toil or church—possibly it was an attempt to invent a good form of healthful exercise. More likely, though, it was to find a retreat from a scolding wife. Whatever his motives, golf is indeed one of the crowning achievements of curiosity.

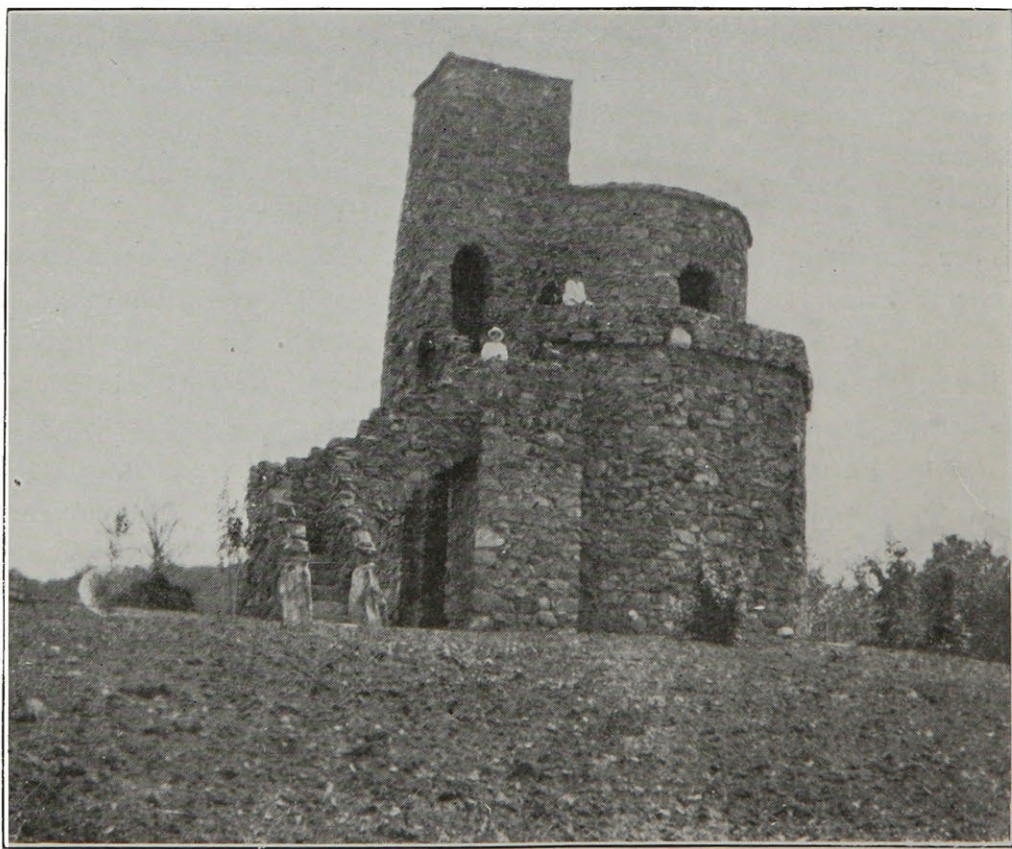
One kind of curiosity I've seen would melt the heart of a hangman. Someone's maiden aunt, who is still bravely battling with Boncilla beauty restorer, asks her "Ouija" about her lover who went away to make his fortune before he married her. "Does he love me like he used to?" she asks timidly. Poor Ouija, 'twixt truth and pity, falters once, hesitates, and forgetting its painful duty, moves at last to—"Yes." Yet Ouija knew perfectly well that the fickle lad had married two months after he left the home town. Here's an example, where curiosity might have led to unhappy discoveries, and ignorance was better.

To give a little colour, I might relate a local example of curiosity of a refreshing nature. The incident that comes to my mind occurred in our midst, not so long ago that the recollection will fail to make some of us chortle to ourselves. On one starry night, two sweet young things escorted two strangers from the big city through the pleasant spots of our town. "A delightful time was being had by all" when they approached a dark smooth surface that might have been a bowling green or a ninepin alley. "What is it?" cried one maiden. "Let's go and see!" replied the other. And they did. In this case, curiosity resulted in both dampened feet and ardour. For much to their surprise, they had stepped into no Elysian field, but a swamp. Which wasn't as romantic as it might have been. "Why d'ye bring me here?" demanded one of the youths, who apparently had not appreciated fully the novelty of the situation. "I was just curious," she re-

plied coyly. What more convincing proof than that could one have that curiosity is peculiar to the female?

Let us in concluding, ask ourselves: "What good is curiosity? Is it any good at all? Could we get along nicely if it were swept away suddenly by a mysterious Act of Parliament?" It's hard to say, and I find myself speechless in the face of this great dilemma. Do you remember that touching little thing about the lady that went to her kitchen cabinet and found therein, no bone for Fido? If this housewife had been efficient, she would have had the curiosity to have inquired of herself the previous evening: "Is there a morsel for Fido's breakfast?" In other words, the poor old dog wouldn't have met such an untimely death. Yct, we must remember that old proverb: "Curiosity killed the cat." If curiosity killed the cat and saved the dog's life, how can we justly choose between them?

M. G. C.



Morgan's Tower

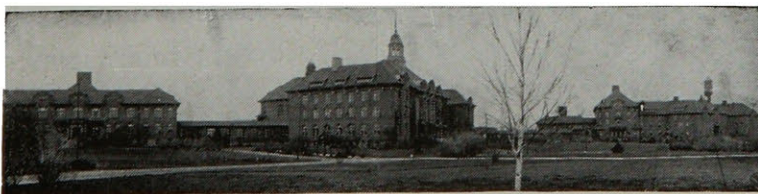
COLLEGE DAYS

Now don't you remember those College days,
The rah-rah girls with the rah-rah ways,
And those bills you sent to Dad,
 Oh, gee! and wasn't he mad—
 Taking your girlie to every fine show,
 Hiring a taxi wherever you go—
You'll never regret that money you spent
 'Way back in College days.

Don't you remember the night of the prom,
You were there with your girlie on your arm
She was as neat as the **other girls too**
 Oh, gee! and her eyes were blue—
 Twenty-four dances out of twenty-five
 You were happy that you were alive—
You'll never forget that girlie you met,
 'Way back in College days.

Don't you remember when taking her home,
You were happy that you were alone
She would sigh and so would you
 Oh, gee! and her eyes were blue—
 When you left her at the door
 You parted the same as the night before—
You'll never forget that girlie you met,
 'Way back in College days.

Now you're married with a wife of your own,
Time to spend and money to loan
A College girl makes a good wife too,
 Oh, gee! and her eyes are blue,
 One little kiddy upon each knee,
 You were as happy as you ever could be,
You'll never forget that girlie you met,
 'Way back in College days.



Impressions

By "Post Grad."

"This establishment is considerably larger than I thought it was," is about the first comment made by post grads after becoming partially acquainted, one with another. I think that impression holds good with nearly all of the boys entering from other institutions. Many of us at least never suspected the size and beauty of either the buildings or campus. It came as a delightful surprise too, to those of us who arrived here with the preconceived idea that our Alma Mater was just about the 'most magnificent and agreeable' of all possible colleges. Not that any of us desire to display any lack of patriotism to the old Mother Colleges, but one cannot help but admire and appreciate the extent and completeness of the munificence and thoughtfulness of the founder and benefactor. It seems regrettable that a greater number of the young men do not avail themselves of the opportunities offered at a college so advantageously placed and fully equipped as is this one.

There is too, a spirit of friendliness about the place, from the first smile of greeting (or was it amusement?) you receive when wandering around the corridors looking for the Principal's office, to the hearty hand clasp of each member of the faculty, that tends to win one over. Makes you rather want to learn the Old McGill and Clan Macdonald yells at the earliest possible moment so that you, also, may identify yourself with the gang.

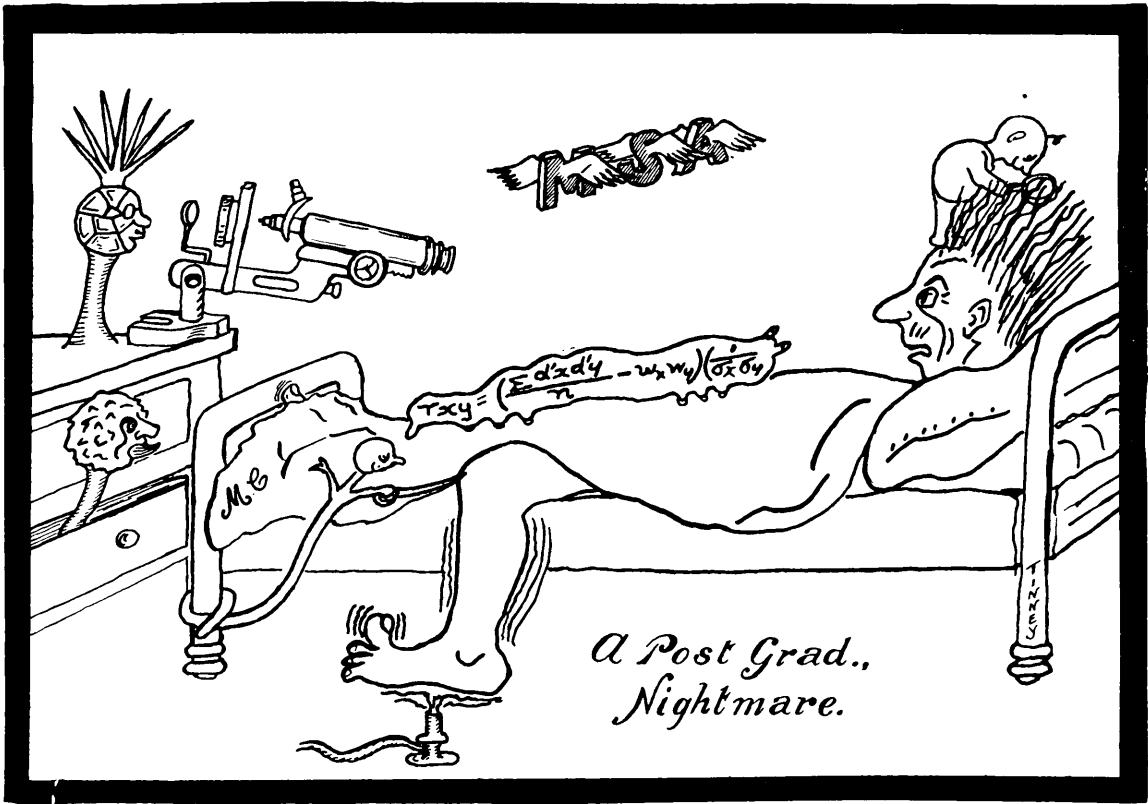
Post-grads in general are a sort of 'odd lot'. They enter a college such as this with a feeling toward the place entirely different to that of a freshman on his first arrival. The readjustment is perhaps harder in some ways for the post grad. than for the 'freshie.' He has of course, one advantage—he has been through the mill before and to a certain

extent knows what to expect. But that very thing is part of his difficulty. What he expects is a life almost exactly as it was at the Alma Mater, and what he gets is perhaps considerably different. Not probably in any sense less pleasant but certainly different. And again, post grads as a rule are somewhat older than the average freshman. They have perhaps been away from college for several years — have been working for a more or less regular salary and find it rather difficult to adjust themselves, financially and otherwise, to the new conditions. In addition, and this applies to most students whether they have been away from college for any length of time or not, he has to live down a certain prejudice he holds toward the college, always feeling, for a time at least, that the old home school is the better of the two. His impressions of the college with its well kept grounds, beautiful dormitories, fully equipped class rooms and laboratories, and quiet efficiency however, is somewhat different from his impressions of college life. Here for awhile, disorder reigns supreme. Girls; football; very regular meal hours; tennis; field day; O. D. C. blue uniforms; girls; bobbed hair; C. N. R. timetables; girls; bandeaux; white collars; striped uniforms; bobbed hair; more bandeaux; white collars; Montreal; girls; correlation tables; latest shows; Queens-Varsity game; arrival of the mail and then helter-skelter, white collars, bobbed hair, bandeaux, striped and blue uniforms all together, college dances; bed-dumping; probable error; microscopes; girls; rules and regulations; lack of funds (pressing and ever present); study hour; correlation tables; theses; plant diseases with unnecessarily cruel names; the odd rubber of bridge; algebraic formulae; hopeless



problems in chemistry; shortage of cigars and tobacco; references (sufficient to stock a Carnegie Library); night lights; no-pins-to-be-driven-into-the-plaster; periodic extraction from the all-too-meagre available supply of funds to meet board and other bills, and on top of it all the at times hopeless hope that we may possibly win out of resultant chaos, by the end of May, an M. S. A. or M. Sc. degree.

But while some of the post grads may be a little 'rusty' and certain others like Cassius, 'have a lean and hungry look' yet they are all 'good men and true.' One and all we take off our hats to the 'New Alma Mater' and from now henceforward the gauntlet of those of us who come from other colleges is down and we are ready and willing to stand behind and fight the battles of Old McGill and Macdonald.



Vacation Experiences

IN THE CEREAL DEPARTMENT

Among the small crowd of workers engaged by the Cereal Department during the past season could be found four students, three there by necessity and myself by choice. Those there by necessity were the men specializing in Cereal; these men are required to spend the summer immediately preceding their final year on the plots of the Department. As to myself I wanted to see how things were done in the East, for I had only recently come from a sister university, the University of Alberta. I found conditions considerably different here. After looking around for a day or so I hunted up Jimmy Coull, the Cereal foreman, and asked for instructions. "Be at the barns at 6.55 in the morning" said Jimmy, and the plunge was taken. Breakfast the following morning at 6:30 reminded me of that song of Harry Lauder's, ending "Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning but it's nicer to lie in bed." However, by some miracle, the Cereal crew had a new hand that morning.

The day began at seven and we 'worked' until noon, at least we usually tried to be at the barn by noon; in fact Jimmy might say that our chief aim on some days seemed to be one of beating the whistle at noon and at six. It was different at seven o' clock and at one, for then it was customary to blame the engineer at the power plant when the whistle did not coincide with our watches and we were not on our way to the field by the second whistle (the whistle blew five minutes before the hour and again at the hour). Needless, to say, however, this excuse did not work very often.

A very comfortable summer was spent as far as the heat was concerned, as on the whole it was cool, with the exception of a few days in July when it was not

at all unbearable. Fortunately during this hot spell we students were on hybridizing work among the clovers and grasses. This was very pleasant work compared with thinning turnips and mangels; for we had an all round experience doing some of all the various work on the farm. This feature makes the summer well worth while for a man coming from the city and but little acquainted with farm practice, before embarking on the career of an agricultural student. We had plenty of hoeing, as it requires an immense amount of work to keep all the several thousand plots edged in straight lines and free from weeds. Roguing weeds from a stand of young clover proved to be about the most obnoxious job we had during the summer; fortunately it began to rain after working a couple of hours. Roguing the variety plots proved to be very profitable, as the only way to acquire a thorough knowledge of the different varieties is by actually handling them and by seeing the various sorts growing side by side. We found out a lot about them after working several days pulling foreigners out of what had to be pure plots—one strain or variety only.

In addition to our outdoor work we had some very profitable seminar periods. At these periods we got together with specialists of the Department and went thoroughly into the methods used in the improvement of cereal, forage and root crops. We first went over the work in the field with the instructors and then noted the result of our observations together with any ideas we had on the subject. After having these articles read and corrected by the man in charge of the work written upon, a meeting was called and the various papers criticised, any points on which we were not fully clear being straightened out. Thus we

received a very good idea of Macdonald College methods in agronomic work.

Altogether a student in agronomy spends a summer on plotwork with some profit and a good deal of pleasure. He usually finds that work in the fall term comes easier as a result of his experiences in close contact with Mother Nature. Before closing I must not forget to say that close and intimate connections were also kept with the other departments. This was particularly so in the case of the Horticultural Branch, which received a number of visits throughout the season, these visits usually coinciding with the arrival of a new fruiting season. It was considered that these trips were needed in order that the prospective specialists in agronomy have a good general knowledge of all the numerous branches of farming. It will be acknowledged by all interested that the farmer expects a B. S. A. man to know all about any and every particular part of the broad subject of agriculture. Thus for instance, an agronomist should be able to tell the difference between a good eating apple and a cooker, even when given one in the dark. To keep fully informed (in order to be able to live up to the demand from the farmer) it behoves us to be ever active in the search for knowledge. The

quest in search of that new variety of strawberry will not soon be forgotten.

E. G. Bayfield.

THE HARVEST EXCURSION 1923

I had heard many stories told of adventures to the jungles of Africa, to the North Pole and to Western Canada *via* the harvest excursion. Thinking that a little adventure would be in my best interests I carefully considered all the possibilities of this nature, in such exploits as a trip to the jungles, the South Sea Islands and others, and after many hours of deep thought I came to a conclusion. I would go West.

I had not ridden many hours on the train when I began to wonder where I would end up and what was really the big idea. If it was adventure, I was getting it, or at least one form of it. But the worst was yet to come. At the end of four days, we (I say 'we' for I was not alone) decided to get off, as we had had enough of train riding. Tired and weary the next thing to do was to find a lodging place. Accordingly we did and settled down for a good night's rest, the first in four days. Consulting our maps and train routes we found that we were now in central Saskatchewan.



Experimental Plots at Macdonald College

After three or four days in the process of limbering up we at last got a "job." The first day I shall remember for some time. At five bells we were awakened from our dewy and all too short slumber. Five-thirty found breakfast finished and soon after we were speeding out of town and over the prairies in the boss' "big six." At six o'clock we were deposited at the far corner of a four-hundred acre field and told to work towards home, with the promise that we would be met at the next corner. There was nothing else for it now but to put up the "bouquets" or walk home, which later on in the day became an impossibility. On and on we toiled, but it seemed as though there was no end to it. One fellow would say, "I wonder why we came out here?" Yet another would be heard muttering "Never again." But ultimately and in the long run there would be an end to it all. So we stuck to it, and so exhausted were we on reaching "headquarters" again that we consumed something like two gallons of soup, several steaks, potatoes, six pies, two cakes and many other articles of food and fell asleep with our clothes on, only to be awakened again by the gruff voice of the boss in the early hours of morn.

This was the daily routine, with of course some variation as time went on—one day for instance, we were late for work and were charmed to receive a cheque and be told that our valuable services were no longer needed. Sunday was always looked forward to, for on that day we found time for a badly needed bath. As time wore on I became accustomed to my new environment and was even growing used to early rising, which had previously been one of my failings.

Soon I began to receive letters from the East asking for an explanation of my absence from Macdonald College. "After all," thought I, "they do want me back, and after some consideration (for

I hated to leave!) I decided to board the next train going East. I did so and after three days travelling I could hardly realise where I was when one morning I once again awakened at Mr. Macdonald's college.—G. S. M.

TO ENGLAND BY CATTLEBOAT

Ah! ha! for a trip across the briny. You may talk of your adventures in the far North, in the woolly West and the jungle lands of the South, but there's naught to compare with the life on board the cattle ship.

Since the embargo on Canadian cattle has been lifted, thousands upon thousands of animals have been shipped over to the Old Country. We left Montreal on the good ship "Irishman" on May 28th. with a cargo of 1,200 prime Canadian steers. Our duty it was to see that these animals were properly fed and cared for during the fourteen days trip. With 30 men to do this it was no small matter. The 28th. of May was a baking holiday and as the old "Irishman" lay in No. 8 shed there was scarcely a breath of wind felt. We arrived on board about noon in company with our friends the cattle. Our first big job was to get them aboard and tie them up along the sides of the aisles which stretched the whole length of the ship. Luckily, cattle are not mules and we had little ado to manage the former but to tie them up was a much more difficult proposition. One had to be quite an acrobat to escape being crushed in the wild stampedes, and it was late in the afternoon before our work was accomplished.

At 4:30 P. M. the cook arrived on board. We made especial note of this, since this gentleman was to play such an important part in our lives during the next two weeks. Soon afterwards, we were steaming down the St. Lawrence. That evening we gave the cattle their first feed and watering on board. In

the consignment which we had under our care, there were 200 head of cattle and there were six men to take care of them. The feeding proposition was not a difficult one as the hay could be placed before them with little trouble. It was different however with the watering. The water had to be carried in buckets round to the steers. This meant that the men had to travel sometimes thirty or forty yards with each bucket, and when cattle are thirsty they never know a limit, and seven and eight buckets of water apiece is only a mouthful for them.

Our first supper did not give us a very bright outlook. No one is yet able to say on what we supped. The cook alone knows that! However, we consoled ourselves with the thought that it was his first day aboard and we made all kinds of excuses for him—and lived in hopes.

The first two or three days the cattle were very restless and frequently during the night we were obliged to turn out to tie up steers which had broken loose and were working havoc. Later they calmed down a bit, but during the remainder of the voyage they caused us no little trouble and many a night's sleep was lost thereby. We met some bad weather off the Banks of Newfoundland. Luckily the good old ship held well down in the water but as it was the cattle were tossed

from side to side, ropes and bars were broken and stampedes followed. This weather did not continue long, luckily, and the remaining days were for the most part calm.

Every day at five A. M. we fed and watered the cattle, and then breakfasted. Breakfast over at nine-thirty those who were lucky sunned themselves on deck while those who were unlucky tied up loose steers or threw any dead ones overboard. At 11 A. M. the cattle were again fed and afterwards the men had dinner. After dinner — more odd jobs and at 3.30 feed and water again. Not a bad life this at all, were it not for the fact that our cook was causing us the greatest worry and concern. Our food, far from improving, had degenerated and the messes served up were sorrowful. The "deep sea pie" was a treat! When this was served on Wednesday the cook retired for the rest of the week knowing well that the men would require nothing else for the next three days.

On June 11th. the "Irishman" steamed up the river to Birkenhead. We put our cargo ashore there and crossed over to Liverpool, and made a bee-line for a hotel where we secured a lovely hot bath, a shave—and a great big whacking meal.

J. A. M.



Hello !

Good-bye to the summer, hello to the fall,
Again will our singing resound thro' the hall,
Forgotten the days that were cram full of work.
To think of the cramming the best of us shirk
Good-bye to the fork, to the plow and the hoe;
To rugby and soccer and college, "Hello."

Farewell to the cream jug that's full to the brim,
Then bring on the stew and the hash and the klim,
Divorce the alarm with its five o'clock ring
To live with a fellow who thinks he can sing,
Away with the saving, start spending your dough,
"Telephone 98, please!" answer "Hello."

Farewell to the moke with her slow ambling tread,
To the calves and the pigs that we tucked into bed,
"Finis" all the threshings, the dust and the dirt,
Then haul out your "Sundays," put on a silk shirt,
Away on the first train—a "Rah, Rah!" let's go,
But to supps and to lectures and lab work, "Hell-O."
(Apologies to) *Plow-Plodder.*



Book Review

A Hodge-Podge of Sketches and Essays

"Why don't you get married?" by Norris Hodgins; G. H. Doran and Co., New York; McLelland and Stewart, Toronto.

To gain a living by reviewing books must be a soul destroying occupation. For three nights we have endeavoured to place before the readers of the Magazine our impressions of "*Why don't you get married?*" by Norris Hodgins, and have failed miserably.

Before proceeding with the third and last attempt it would be wise to explain that Hodgins is not a minister, given to tying nuptial knots, although the above title might indicate that he was looking for business along that line. Instead Hodgins is a graduate in Agriculture from our own College and to him belongs the honour of being the first graduate to publish a non-professional book with a popular appeal.

It is said that a prophet has honour save in his own country but we believe that this very excellent book proves that there are exceptions to every rule. The forty-one sketches which it contains, are, to say the least, all interesting. They

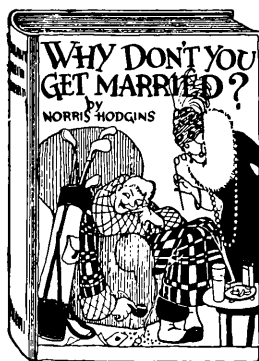
reveal a vocabulary which is remarkable for its diversity, its accuracy, and its clearness of description.

These sketches show very strikingly that the author has had a wide and varied experience in his young life, and that he has done what so few people succeed in doing, cultivated his powers of observation so that he sees and remembers every detail. He has taken the "little things," not only from Mother Nature but from human nature, and woven them into a series of humorous pen pictures which hold our interest throughout.

But, as we said before, we are not specialists in book reviewing and the editor of the Magazine limited us to 286.5 words. We must therefore close by sincerely complimenting Hodgins upon his initial success and recommending his book, without reserve, to all those who appreciate a bit of humor, a dash of satire, a touch of philosophy, and a fresh glimpse of human nature.

J. E. M.

P. S. The editorial "we" employed herein consists of myself, the cat, and the fly which boards with us every winter.



ON VISITING ONE'S FAMILY.

When you have spent a month at Mac,
Or maybe just a week,
You hop aboard a train one day
Your home and friends to seek.

Your family with anxious hearts
Are waiting at the door
To welcome you with outstretched arms
And questions by the score.

How are you? Do they feed you well?
And, Is your room too cold?
Then mother says, "I hope you've been
Doing just as you're told.

To this you answer, "Why, of course!"
Then father wants to know
If you're having fun at college,
So you smile and say, "Oh, no!"

"My, you're getting tall!" says Grandma
(Though you haven't grown an inch)
'And you're plumper too,' says Grandpa,
As he gives your arm a pinch.

Why not curl your hair?" says sister,
"And it needs a trimming too."
Then they chime in all together,
"Tell us all about it, do!"

When the long, long tale is ended
(With the naughty parts left out)
Mother says, "I s'pose you're famished."
And you answer, "Just about."

Father asks about your studies,
Mother says you're looking well,
Sister asks about the dances
And you say they're mighty swell.

Little brother asks you nothing
For he's off and out to play,
But he proudly tells his comrades
That his SISTER'S home to-day.

Oh! It's great to be at college!
And it's great to live in ease;
But it's great to go home just once in a while
And feel you're the whole darn cheese.

E. Beatrice Franckum.



"Father, what is innocence?"

"Innocence, my child, is a parent who believes everything his son writes home from college."

He (passionately), "Don't you feel the call of the irresistible?"

She: "Sure, let's eat."

Science—"The most interesting book I ever had was a cooking book."

Teacher—"Lots of stirring passages I suppose."

Prof: "What happens when two irresistible forces meet?"

Ken S: "Why, they just stay there!"

Freshie (at Mrs. Wright's)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waitress—"Oh, we serve anybody, sit down."

Professor Jones, upon returning home late one night, heard a noise, and asked:

"Is someone there?"

"No," came the answer from under the bed.

"That's strange" mused the professor. "I was sure someone was under my bed."

A teacher was telling the children a highly embellished story about Santa

Claus, and Willie Jones began to giggle with mirth, which finally got beyond his control.

"Willie what did I whip you for yesterday?" severely asked the teacher.

"Fer lyin," promptly answered Willie.

Brooks—I'm a little stiff from par-lour rugby.

Brenda (absent mindedly)—Where did you say you were from?

Steve Ward, of the mangel-pulling crew at the Mac farm (to his house, which refuses to get up after falling) "Well, of all the lazy spalpeens. Get up at once or I'll drive right over you."

Rather Ambiguous

A Mac Science student one Saturday hurried into Mr. Woolworth's store and said briskly to the clerk: "Give me a mouse-trap, please, I have to catch the 5:15 train."

Smith: Have you forgotten that \$10 you owe me?

McG: No, but give me a chance and I will.

Prof. (calling roll): Matthews!

Matty: What do you want?

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M.—“Who is the most optimistic girl in the college?”

K.—“The one who at eleven o'clock sits with a book in her hand, hoping for the lights to come on.”

In English Class

Prof.—“What do you know about Fielding?”

Stude—“Nothing much. I was always a pitcher on the team whenever I played.”

The Orphan.

A teacher asked her class the meaning of the word furlough. Jack was called upon and said: “It means a mule; it says so in the book.” The teacher asked for the book and it was brought forward. At last Jack came to a picture of a soldier sitting on the mule. At the bottom of the picture was: “Going home on his furlough.”

“How many times do I have to tell you, Bobby, that one must keep his eyes closed during prayer?”

“Yes, mama, how do ya know I don't?”

Sun Dodger

It was evening. A stranger approached the cyclist.

“Sir,” said he, “your beacon has ceased its function.”

“Sir?”

“Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion.”

“But, really I don't quite—

“The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced.”

Just then a boy shouted:—

“Hi, mister, your lamp's out.”

And the cyclist understood.

Customer (holding up box): “How much for this?”

Fair Bazaar Attendant: “Five shillings.”

Customer: “Aren't you a little dear?”

Attendant: “Well (cooly), that's what all the boys say.”

Professor (teaching Elements how to teach sound): What am I tapping Miss B?

Miss B: The blackboard.

Prof., (tapping his head with pointer): What am I hitting now, Miss B?

Miss B (still with back to Prof): Wood, Sir.

Prof: Miss R, correct this sentence—
‘Between you and I, he is a great fool.’

Miss R: Between you and I, you are a great fool.

Prof: Don't call me names please.

Teacher: What did Jacques Cartier give the Indians when he arrived in Canada.

Pupil: A punch in the jaw.

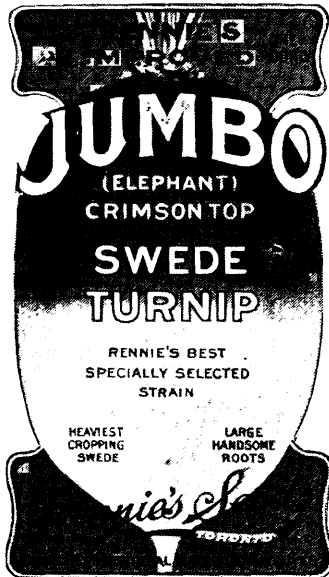
Molly: We must not use slang any more.

Shorty: Not any more but just as much.

Coote (in self defence): Well, there is one advantage in having a bumpy nose, it doesn't get monotonous.

She: Why do they put cornmeal on the gym floor before the dance?

He: To make the chickens feel at home.



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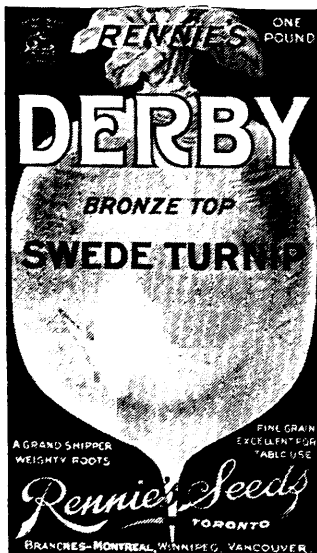
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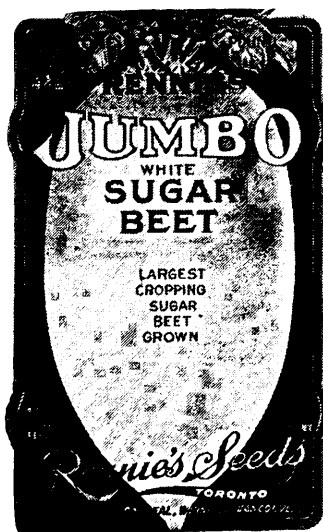
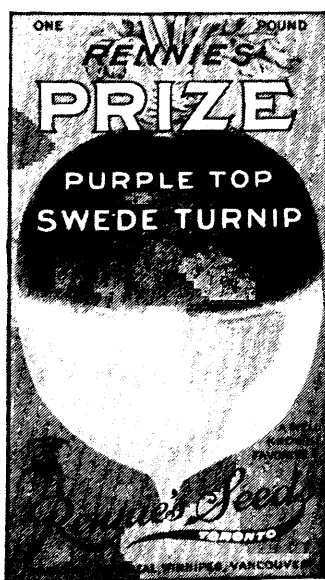
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"Oh, don't worry about me slippin', lady, I've got nails in me shoes."

At The Debate

Marie: I wouldn't sing even if you asked me to.

Sim: I wouldn't ask you.

Dean Laird (criticising lesson): Speak up Mr. Matthews—speak as though you were talking to a girl.

Co-ed (to restaurant attendant): How much are your 'kisses?'

Attendant: xxx?!?!? (xx !!!!!)

JUST IMAGINE

Stephen Ward on time for anything.

* * *

Nobody going for mail between lectures.

* * *

The Teachers going along the Chemistry corridor *noiselessly!*

Overheard Sat. Night

He (dreamily): "I could go on dancing like this with you forever!"

She (coldly): "Oh, you'd surely improve a little bit!"

Soph: People who are always certain of anything are fools.

Frosh: Are you sure?

Soph: Positive!

He: I have been getting rather wild of late, I think I'll settle down.

She: Who's your Annabelle?

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When it comes to making clothes.
But at gym — instead of fairies,
We are like the girls at Loew's.

Cooking lessons start next term
And last the term all through
How thrilling it will be to learn
To sling a hash for two

Our homes we learn to sweep and dust
To keep them spick and span
The only thing we've still to learn
Is how to grab the man.

They are sometimes hard to captivate
And sometimes not at all
But I hope I get a soul-mate
Who is very rich and tall.



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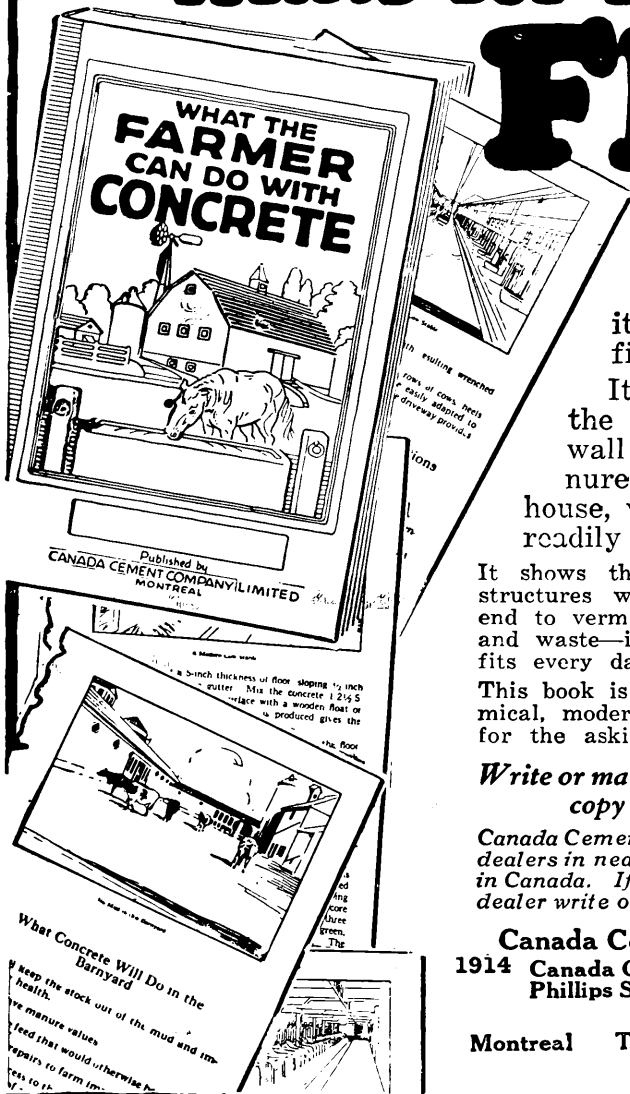
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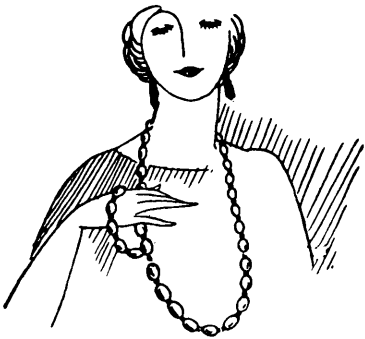
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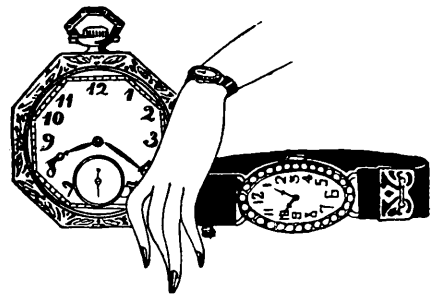
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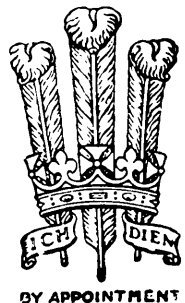
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